Every Week

THE BIG 3¢ WORTH

May 8, 1916

In This Number

Mr. Richard's Fiancée

By Meredith Nicholson

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

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20 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

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Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with *safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT*; not another poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

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—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 20 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 40 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera. Fortunately, unscientific as a number of cases of cholera prior to 1900 were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death, if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum.

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should likewise suppress to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

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to the wonderful beautifying power of Carmen—the ideal powder for all complexions—does not blow or rub off. Use one hour, or evening—withstands the glare of strong lights and the effects of perspiration. The favorite of many stars.

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Be everywhere. White, Pink, Flesh, Cream. Purse size box (with mirror) containing 2 to 3 weeks supply of Carmen (state shade) and Rouge sent for 10c in coin or stamps. Regular full size box (light or dark) sent prepaid for 25c. If extra heavy skin tone of powder is wanted, send only 50c silver and be stamps.

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We have many kinds of women in this country, but we need 20,000 more trained nurses. Send for "How I Became a Nurse"—it tells you all about opportunities of a profession always open. Pages free. Fifteenth Year.

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Introducing the Most Important Citizen in the World

"HOW do you like babies?" some woman asked Charles Lamb.

"B-b-oiled, madam," stuttered Lamb.

In the beginning of the race *nobody* except mothers liked babies.

The records of civilization's slow progress are written in babies' blood.

Babies had no rights: they were a necessary evil.

In the South Sea Islands, when either parent died, the children were slain and buried also, to wait on the parent in the other world.

In China it is estimated that 40 per cent. of the girl babies in the provinces of the interior were drowned.

In India, when a girl baby was born, the mother put opium on her breasts, and the baby, inhaling it with the mother's milk, died.

Inside the great iron statue of Moloch a roaring fire was built on holy days. And into the white-hot arms of the god women hurled their screaming infants.

Even the Greeks, who established a civilization higher than that of any other ancient people, regularly "exposed" their undesired infants on the mountain-sides.

And Socrates, their greatest man, saw nothing in the practice to condemn.

Little by little, through the succeeding centuries, the baby has been coming into his own.

Romulus, who founded Rome, took the first forward step; the Emperor Hadrian made another advance.

But it was Christianity that discovered the baby.

All motherhood became sanctified in the worship paid to Mary, the mother of Jesus.

All childhood was ennobled by the birth in the manger.

To-day we measure the civilization of a nation by the question: How does it treat its babies?

And the civilization of an individual can be measured by the same test.

Do you consider babies a nuisance? Do you dislike them? Do they fear you?

Then—though your culture may belong to the twentieth century—your heart still lingers in the first.

It's a question how much any one man influences the world through his business life or his public acts.

Alexander conquered the world. And, before his ashes were cold, his kingdom began to break up.

But one little section of the human race is given into your care irrevocably:

Your babies.

What you make them they will be. Through them and their descendants you can perpetuate your influence to the end of time.

If there is a baby in your home, nursing-bottles ought to be more important to you than stocks and bonds.

You ought to know more about the various kinds of baby foods than you know about golf.

Your business is important because it makes your living.

But your home is *all-important* because there you *make lives*.

This is our Babies' Number. Our hats are off to him—and her—the future proprietors of the earth: the most important citizens in the world.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

"How Can I Get Money to Educate My Child?" is the title of one of the chapters of Mr. Atwood's little book, "Making Your Money Work for You." Send a two-cent stamp and you may have a copy. 95 Madison Avenue, New York.

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May 6, 1916

Every Week

$1.00 per Year
3 Cents a Copy

Mr. Richard's Fiancée

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

Suppose you were a young college girl, trying to make an honest living as a book agent and suppose that at the very first house you visited a flattered young man should demand that you be his fiancée

As Miss Abigail Vincent followed with a confident air a highway on the North Shore of Massachusetts, there was nothing in her appearance to justify a suspicion that she was a book agent. While her only visible impedimenta were a blue parasol and a purse, she carried, secreted in her blue cloth skirt (whence it could be extracted with ease between her admission to a house and the appearance of its lord or lady), a morocco-bound dummy of "The History of a Thousand Years," containing sample pages of that monumental work, with testimonials from many persons whose names are household words in every part of America.

The head of the subscription department of the publishing house had suggested to Gail this manner of hiding the incriminating dummy, and as she glanced down at her shirt she was satisfied that the most critical observer would not have noticed the slight sag on the left side, where the volume was tucked away in a pocket of her own fashioning.

This was early in July. In June Gail had received from the University of Nebraska a document which recited that she was entitled to all the credit and glory that appertain to the degree of a bachelor of arts in every part of the world. And not without much ingenious financiering, and many hours devoted to tutoring, typewriting for the faculty, and other labor, had she won this boon.

But, far from being satisfied, she had fixed her eyes (which were blue) upon a course in pedagogy at Columbia. As her parents had died leaving her with only a paltry two hundred dollars a year, this further ambition obviously was not easily to be attained. But Gail supplemented a resolute and venturesome spirit with mental qualities to which the Phi Beta Kappa key attached to her watch-chain bore ample testimony.

THE advertisement of the subscription agent had called for "young women of good address and neat appearance, capable of presenting the merits of a standard work to educated people." Any one would have said that Gail answered all these requirements. A blue-eyed girl with fair hair, irreproachable complexion, and a winning smile, it was inconceivable that the least hospitable of doors would ever slam in her face. And yet already this morning the doors of three handsome villas had closed upon her with discouraging finality.

Her next attack was upon the handsomest estate she had yet seen, a big Georgian house planted well back from the road, with a formal garden in front and the twinkling sea beyond. Here, certainly, must be domiciled persons of wealth and culture awaiting the glad tidings of the singular merits of "The History of a Thousand Years," illustrated by the great masters, and with ten off for cash.

She boldly sounded the knocker, and glanced casually at the label on the wrapper of a newspaper that lay on a stand in the entry. The name was Maybury—Mrs. Giles J. Maybury. By exercising a little ingenuity she could usually acquaint herself in advance with the names of householders. Her hopes rose. She played with her parasol, and assumed the air of a young lady abroad solely for social pleasure.

As she waited she thrust out her foot to assure herself that the dummy lay in its hidden pocket, easily accessible. In her room at the Beverly boarding-house she had practised extracting it. The feat could be accomplished in an instant, and any one observing her would have thought she was tying her shoe.

A white-haired butler opened the door and blinked in the strong sunlight.

"Is Mrs. Maybury at home?" she asked, with her most engaging smile.

"Yes, mum."

"I should like—" she began.

"Are you—you must be the young lady she's expecting?"

HE surveyed her critically, and yet without the hostility against which she had steeled herself. His shift from an inquiry to an affirmation was encouraging. He was a benevolent-looking person, and in assuming that she was the expected young lady his manner became, she thought, slightly confidential. She was not the young lady Mrs. Maybury was expecting, but she determined to broaden her experience immediately by learning just how persons of wealth and culture receive young ladies who practise deceit in gaining entrance to their houses.

"You may come into the living-room, miss. Mrs. Maybury hasn't been down yet. I'll tell her you've come."

Again the confidential, slightly patronizing, reassuring air. He held back the light summer portières, and she entered a long living-room, with broad windows through which she caught a glimpse of the sea. The room satisfied in every particular her ideal of a seaside villa: the scene could not have been more fittingly set for her first presentation of the wonders of "The History of a Thousand Years." As the man left her, her hand stole cautiously to the edge of her skirt; but he reappeared instantly and walked toward her on tiptoe.

"Pardon me, miss; but you will understand if Mrs. Maybury seems a bit nervous. It's all so unexpected, she's been quite upset."

He glanced toward the door furtively, and then whispered, with the back of his hand to shield his mouth:

"The missis is very fond of Mr. Richard; it's bound to come out all right. We're all that fond of Mr. Richard—"

A noise in the hall caused him to start; then he bent close and whispered huskily:

"Most unfortunate thing has occurred, miss. The Bishop and Mrs. Barton arrived this morning. It's most deplorable." He seemed at the point of tears. "Mr. Richard has been to town to meet you. He must have missed your train. Perhaps you'd rather see him first. It might make it easier for you, miss."

Gail was fully persuaded that she had committed a serious error in attempting to palm herself off as the young lady who was expected. Still, she was in a house, and its mistress was at home, and something, somewhere, she must begin her business career. The butler waited deferentially for her answer. She determined to see the thing through at any hazard.

"I don't know that it's necessary," she murmured uncertainly.

He retired, bowing a meek acceptance of her wishes.

FIVE minutes passed. She extracted the dummy from its pocket, and then in a sudden panic restored it to its hiding-place. She had barely disposed of it when, with startling abruptness, a short, stocky man in clerical dress appeared, paused an instant, and then advanced resolutely.

"My dear young lady," he began, "you will pardon my presumption, but it seemed best that I should see you before you meet Mrs. Maybury. I trust that you will understand fully what this means to Richard's mother. My poor sister-in-law has been deeply shocked—as, indeed, we have all been. It was a great blow to my dear wife; she was quite prostrated when we arrived an hour ago and learned of Richard's—er—intentions."

He glanced down at the gloved hand he had been holding, relinquished it slowly, and resumed:

"Please understand that personally, being in a sense an outsider and not really a Maybury,—and not, I assure you, quite sharing their traditional ideas in social matters,—I merely wish to act the part of a good friend to one and all."

He sank into a chair and began polishing his glasses.

Gail chilled as she realized that she was becoming deeply enmeshed in the domestic affairs of this home of wealth and culture. The Bishop was inspecting her with care, and yet with something akin to the tolerance the butler had manifested.

His back was to the door, and, as Gail planned a hasty exit to escape the further consequences of her temerariousness, the curtains swayed and a young man thrust in his head and gesticulated wildly. As near as she could interpret his use of the sign language, he wished her to remain; she even read into his communications his earnest desire that she should not disturb the Bishop in his misapprehension as to her identity.

He was a deeply tanned young man, clad in white ducks and a blue serge coat, and from the expression of his countenance he was experiencing emotions of the most poignant nature. As his mad gesturing continued, Gail sat back in her chair and fixed her attention upon the Bishop.

"All my life," the Bishop continued, with an ingratiating smile, "I have been deeply sympathetic with the theater. The people of the stage have always seemed to me deserving of our sympathy and—er—gratitude. But you must understand, my dear Miss—er—Gilmore—that people like the Mayburys and Eatons—Mrs.

Maybury was an Eaton—with their severe social standards, look askance at the thought of one of their sons forming an—er—alliance with a young woman of the theater."

Gail's eyes opened wide with mystification, and her lips parted. Once more the eavesdropper became visible and resumed his frantic signaling. Clearly, he was urging her to permit and encourage the Bishop in the belief that she was a certain Miss Gilmore, an actress, who was about to marry into the august house of Maybury. A slight agitation of the curtains indicated that the young gentleman clung to his post as if prepared to resist by force any effort on her part to escape.

"I wish you to know, my dear child, that I feel for you very deeply, and that I am entirely at your service if I can be of any help to you in this most unusual situation. Pardon me if I suggest a certain sobriety of tone as most likely to help you through these first trying hours. I am sure you will not take it amiss that I volunteer these suggestions. Richard is a charming boy—my favorite nephew, in fact, as he is my dear wife's. We have the strongest hopes of his success in life, and in that we may, I am sure, rely upon your—er—fullest cooperation."

As Richard was mentioned, the curtain parted and the young lunatic tapped his broad chest idiotically in what Gail took to be an effort to identify himself with the Richard under discussion.

"You will grant me the privilege of an old man if I say—if I may make bold to say—that my own first impressions are wholly—er—gratifying."

He beamed upon her, patted her hand gently, and left the room.

GAIL was stealing cautiously toward the door, when the agile young man suddenly confronted her. He drew a handkerchief across his face, and shook his head with relief.

"Don't go! For heaven's sake, don't leave me!" he entreated. "You've got to go through with it now."

Awed by his menacing attitude, Gail jumped behind the chair she had just vacated, and thus barricaded flourished her parasol threateningly. Instead of being expelled from the first home of wealth and culture she had invaded, there seemed a strong possibility that she would spend her life there unless she effected an immediate escape.

"Just a moment, please!" pleaded the young man, who seemed at the verge of tears. "It's a great favor, but, really, you can help me out of an awful scrape. My mother's gone all to pieces—even after she said I might ask 'Toinette down here and let me think she was going to stand for it all right. And now Aunt Peggy and the Bishop have blown in, and 'Toinette's lost! If you'll just spend the day here it'll help a lot, and I'll think up some way of getting rid of Aunt Peggy. You can see for yourself that if 'Toinette doesn't show up when she's expected that will have a rotten look. Mother won't understand it; it—"

"Would you mind telling me," interrupted Gail, "just what all this is about? I'm a book agent, and got into the house by mistake. Unless you can control yourself long enough to look at my prospectus, I must leave immediately."

"Splendid!" cried the young man heartily. "Stay, and I'll take a carload of your books—stay till after lunch anyway, and you'll never regret it!"

Gail pondered. If she let this opportunity pass, she might continue her tramp to the Maine border without effecting a sale. The son of Mrs. Giles J. Maybury was doubtless financially responsible for any contracts he might make. No harm could come of eating the Mayburys' food, particularly when it seemed likely that she could save this young man's life by masquerading as the missing 'Toinette.

"If you'll subscribe for the Indin-paper edition of 'The History of a Thousand Years,'" she said in a crisp, businesslike tone, "I'll stay—for lunch."

"Done!" he assented greedily.

"It's ten off for cash," she suggested.

"We'll waive the discount; just stay, that's all!"

"If you'll turn your back a moment—"

He stared, thinking she meditated flight through the nearest window, then swung round. She bent down and deftly extracted the dummy.

"Now," she said, extending it opened to the space for signatures, "sign there."

He grabbed a pen from the table, and wrote his name in a wild scrawl.

She blew upon it to dry the ink, and read carefully: *Richard G. Maybury.*

"I'll just add that it's the India-paper edition," she remarked calmly.

He danced about restlessly as she made the notation.

"I'll give you a check—I'll give you anything you want!"

"One hundred dollars," she remarked succinctly.

He nodded an impatient acquiescence and glanced toward the door.

"Now that's all settled, and I'm to give your family the pleasure of my company at luncheon as part of the bargain. Suppose you coach me a little," she added, "as to the part I'm to play."

"You see," he began hurriedly, resting his hands on the long table and bending toward her, "'Toinette—Miss Gilmore—is the girl I'm engaged to. She's an actress—only in the chorus now, you know, but that's where they all begin. I got acquainted with her last winter when she was playing in 'The Little Billikin'—a month's run. It was my last year in the law school, you know."

"I suppose you got your degree?" she asked practically.

"Oh, yes; and I'm going into one of the best offices in Boston in October," he replied impatiently. "But about Miss Gilmore—I want you to know that mother's acted fine about it. When I told her of my engagement she said she would have 'Toinette down, and when she said that I knew it would be all right."

"And after she said that, your mother went to bed and your aunt and her husband appeared?"

"Well, mother has never been strong since father died two years ago. That was a great shock to her," he said defensively.

THE book agent's manner of receiving his confession struck him as deficient in sympathy. She was a self-possessed person, disconcertingly direct in her statements; and she was a pretty girl. It was a new and unwelcome experience to be humiliating himself before a pretty girl. 'Toinette—the third one from the left in "The Little Billikin"—was not, he reflected, a greater delight to the eye than this book agent. Both were fair, but the book agent's nose was straighter than 'Toinette's, and the girl before him would have nothing to fear in a complexion contest with his fiancée.

"It's not mother I'm afraid of so much as Aunt Peggy," he continued. "You know, she's always been mighty fond of me, and I'm—well, it's been understood that she's always said she meant to do the handsome thing by me."

"And, being a far-seeing man, you're afraid of spoiling your expectations?"

"That's not fair!" he pleaded. "I mentioned the money merely to show you how delicate the situation is. Aunt Peggy has been a particular pal of mine, and her coming here now complicates the whole business with mother. I wanted to have it out with mother, and get her to help pull Aunt Peggy over. There's no question of money—I'd go out without a dollar and fight the world for 'Toinette. She's the truest, squarest little girl that ever lived, and never had a mercenary idea in her life. Her people are poor," he ran on glibly, "but respectable in every way, and it isn't her fault that she had to go out to earn her living."

"Certainly not," Gail agreed.

A cough in the hall caused Maybury to stand at attention. The butler appeared, his broad face twitching.

"Pardon me, Mr. Richard, but Mrs. Maybury says she will see Miss Gilmore at once. Your trunk has come, miss; the maid will show you your room."

When his step had died away, Gail bent a look of dismay upon the young lord of the household.

"My trunk?"

Again Richard mopped his face, and beat the air with his fists.

"It's 'Toinette's trunk. God knows what's become of her! She wired me she'd be down on the ten-forty; and now her trunk's come, and—"

He stared at her helplessly.

"Something terrible must have happened to 'Toinette," he moaned.

"Something terrible may happen to me before I get out of this! If I were you I'd cheer up. If the girl is the nice girl I assume her to be, you needn't be afraid your family won't like her. From the way you act, one might get the impression you're not so keen about her yourself."

"Oh, no; it's not that! I'm thinking of 'Toinette—of her ordeal in coming into a strange house, and being looked over—and the servants—"

He gave his collar an impatient twitch.

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that I may have some feelings," Gail suggested sweetly. "And when they find out that I'm a fraud, what are they going to say to you? It occurs to me that you are merely postponing the day of wrath. You've still got them to deal with."

"Oh, I know all that, but I can't face it to-day, I simply couldn't! Oh, you won't go—you will stand by me!"

"For lunch, thank you! And when Miss Gilmore comes, please have the decency to get me out of the house before you introduce her. I want safe conduct through the lines!"

IN the upper hall a white-capped maid met Gail and led the way to a bedroom that expressed the last word in taste and comfort. A silver tray containing a pitcher of milk and slices of bread and butter spoke for a well ordered and hospitable household. Even as the butler had viewed Gail with interest, the maid inspected her with guarded curiosity.

"May I open your trunk for you, miss?" she asked, indicating a badly worn steamer-trunk with the initials A. G. painted on the end.

"I'm afraid I've lost my key," Gail replied, opening her purse. "But don't trouble now. We'll attend to it after luncheon. By the way, what's the luncheon hour?"

"One-thirty, miss."

She took Gail's hat and jacket, and while she was depositing them with ceremonial care in a closet, Gail refreshed herself with a glass of milk.

"Mrs. Maybury is quite ready to see you," the maid volunteered, after carefully brushing Gail's skirt. "Pardon me, miss, but it's better not to keep her waiting. She's quite nervous this morning."

Gail expressed her regret at Mrs. Maybury's indisposition, and gave a touch to her hair.

"I'm ready," she announced.

The maid led the way down the hall, knocked on a door, and left in haste.

"Come!" called a faint voice.

Gail stepped into a dimly lighted room, and hesitated, clinging to the door. Her parade passed quickly, and she found herself walking toward a small, white-haired woman in a dressing-wrapper, with a silk shawl drawn over her shoulders.

"My dear child, so you've come!"

Gail felt a small hand clutching hers, and a pair of brown eyes in which tears glistened regarded her eagerly, bravely.

"It's very nice that you let me come," said Gail, picking up a pillow that had tumbled from the invalid's chair. "But I'm so sorry you are not well. I'm afraid you've been troubled—troubled about Richard—and me."

"He's all I have," said the little woman, drawing a handkerchief from the sleeve of her dressing-wrapper. "Of course, I've been deeply anxious; but now—" She smiled as she peered into Gail's face.

"I think I understand your feeling, Mrs. Maybury. And I want to say," Gail continued, deeply touched by the woman's frailty, "that if you don't approve—if you have misgivings, there must be an end to everything."

She paused, alarmed at her volubility. She realized that she was acting and speaking for a person whose hearing in the difficult situation might have been wholly different—to whom, indeed, for all she knew, Mrs. Maybury might have capitulated at sight.

"That is generous; that is very sweet of you! I have nothing to live for but my boy's happiness, and yours too, of course. And now," she added, with a wistful smile, "we must get acquainted!

"Please throw up the shades," she said, sinking into her chair. "I haven't even had a good look at you yet! That's right; thank you. You've seen Richard? He meant to meet you, of course. I thought I'd rather see you alone first. I hope you find your room comfortable. My servants have been with me for years—all except the cook, who came yesterday and won't do at all. Servants are a great problem; I haven't the strength to fight them. I suppose you have all such experiences ahead of you.

"My dear child, you are quite tall! I wasn't prepared for that; Richard has spoken of you as a little girl. But you are fair, as he described you—there's the photograph he brought me. You won't mind my saying that I'm glad you don't wear your hair all the time as the photograph shows it. You have lovely hair. Sit down there, won't you; and you won't mind if I stare a bit? That picture was taken for professional purposes, I suppose. I met Ellen Terry once at a luncheon—my only encounter with stage folk.

"Please hand me the salts, dear. My old head is very troublesome sometimes. Yes, that's the one. Were your people French? Richard didn't know. Antoinette suggested it. I've lived in France a great deal, and I read a good many French books. Perhaps you speak French?"

"I can read it a little, but I don't vouch for my accent," Gail admitted.

"We shall test that after a while," remarked Mrs. Maybury, indicating a table littered with books.

Gail's eye fell upon copies of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *L'Illustration*. She must exercise caution; if Miss Gilmore was unfamiliar with the French language, it was not decent for her to flourish her own accomplishments, gained by three years' study at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Her qualms of conscience at deceiving Mrs. Maybury yielded to a feeling of resentment toward her son. It was brutally unfilial in Richard Maybury to have given his mother cause for anxiety. And Gail was moved to pity for the unknown 'Toinette, whose head, smartly uptilted in the photograph, was not without a certain charm in spite of the tangle of fluffy hair of which Mrs. Maybury had mildly disapproved. "To Dicky from 'Toinette," was written over the lower half of the card.

MRS. MAYBURY was undoubtedly making a supreme effort to maintain her composure; several times she knit her brows and pressed her hand to her head. She continued to talk—of the Shore, of past summers, avoiding the questions which Gail surmised must be thronging through her mind.

"Please don't talk any more now," said Gail; "there'll be plenty of time later."

She stepped behind the chair and began passing her hands gently across Mrs. Maybury's forehead.

"Sometimes this helps. Tell me if I bother you."

Mrs. Maybury touched Gail's hands in sign of gratitude, and closed her eyes.

A clock on the mantel struck twelve, and Gail's spirits rose. In three hours, at most, she would be free to continue her march up the coast. She let down her patient's hair, and brushed it with slow, evenly timed strokes. In a few minutes the tiny figure relaxed. She satisfied herself that Mrs. Maybury was asleep, and sat down in the window-seat.

A light tap disturbed her reverie. She crossed the room noiselessly and stepped into the hall, where the maid presented a scared face.

"If you please, miss, Mrs. Barton wishes to see you. She thinks maybe you'd

"'I am sure,' said the Bishop, 'you will not take it amiss that I volunteer these suggestions. Richard is a charming boy—' As Richard was mentioned, the young lunatic in the doorway tapped his chest idiotically."

better not stay longer with Mrs. Maybury. I hope—"

"Mrs. Maybury is asleep," said Gail, "and not to be disturbed. Which is Mrs. Barton's room?"

"The last one on the left, miss."

On the stairway leading to the third floor, Gail saw Mr. Richard Maybury peering down at her, and wigwagging energetically, with the evident purpose of warning her to avoid Mrs. Barton's room.

Gail lifted her head scornfully.

"Well?" she said, as the maid fingered.

"She's a bit peppery, miss."

"Thank you," said Gail. "What else is troubling you?"

"It's the new cook, miss," the maid faltered. "She's making an awful fuss in the kitchen. Mr. Richard's that upset, he can't do anything. I ought to tell Mrs. Maybury. Cook is swearing and saying she won't leave, and Grimes wants to send for the police."

"I'll see her," said Gail. "Say to Mrs. Barton I'll be in in a moment."

"Yes, miss."

A BIG middle-aged Irishwoman turned from the hurling of a dish and scowled as Gail entered the kitchen. In a corner a young girl bent over a table, peeling potatoes and washing them with tears.

"Cook," said Gail briskly, "Mrs. Maybury has decided that you won't do. You will please pack your things and leave the house immediately. By the time you're ready I'll have your money—two weeks added—is that right?"

Cook gripped her knife and drew herself up like a queen of tragedy.

"And who be you," she hollowed, "to come down here dischargin' o' me! It's a high time o' day when a gur-rul from the the-a-ter and God knows what else comes dancin' into me kitchin and tellin' me—a decent workin'-woman—to begone! I'll be after tellin' ye I gave up a good place to come here, thinkin' th' wages was better and th' sea air good for me health—"

"We're not discussing this matter. You're discharged. I want you to leave the house in half an hour. I'll have the chauffeur take you into town."

"I'll not do it—I'll not—"

"If you're not off the place in thirty minutes I'll call the Beverly police." Gail swung round upon the blubbering girl.

"I suppose you know how to cook. Go ahead the best you can with luncheon, and if you get into trouble, call me."

The cook threw the carving knife into the sink with a loud clatter, and crossed the kitchen with a majestic stride.

"They could me it was a respectible house; if they'd could me th' likes o' you, a meddlesome stage actur-ess—"

Gail took a step toward her; the door closed upon cook with a bang.

"Don't be silly!" Gail admonished the weeping potato-paver. "That woman wouldn't hurt a fly. Boil an onion and get the smell of whisky out of the place."

She passed through the pantry to the dining-room and on to the second floor. The butler thrust his head out of a door, and was in the act of withdrawing it hastily, when Gail arrested him.

"Please find Mr. Maybury and tell him to give cook a check for her wages. And if there's a machine on the place, have it ready in half an hour to take her to town. And you might see what you can do toward finding a new cook."

"Yes, miss," said Grimes brokenly, regarding Gail with deference and admiration. "And, if you please, the plumber has come, and Mrs. Maybury wished most partickler to see 'im. It's about the hot water, miss. It's a question, if you please, of repairin' the old boiler or puttin' in a new style heater. He's from the city, miss, and been waitin' an hour."

Gail pondered this momentous matter judicially, with her head slightly tilted in the manner of one given to cautious judgment.

"Tell him to repair the old boiler and send an estimate for a new heater. Mrs. Maybury will see no one till after luncheon."

"Thank ye, miss. And, if you please, miss, Mr. Richard wished me to say it would be better not to see Mrs. Barton."

"You may tell Mr. Richard," said Gail tartly, "that I shall use my own judgment in the matter. Show me Mrs. Barton's door."

The Bishop opened the door to her tap.

"Margaret, Miss Gilmore," he announced to a lady who lay in a heavily blanketed bed; and then, as if seized with mortal fear, he hurried from the room.

Mrs. Barton sat up in bed, groaned, glared, and fell back upon her pillows.

"So you're the girl, are you?"

"I'm a girl!" Gail retorted.

Mrs. Barton was a large woman, with a masculine face, iron-gray hair, and a pair of particularly keen dark eyes. The eyes bored through Gail for a moment. When she had finished her scrutiny, she pointed to a chair.

"SO you're the young woman who's been making a fool of my nephew!—and sending his poor mother to her grave! I always supposed Dick had more sense than to go dancing after a chorus girl. But there's no accounting for men. You must have some peculiar fascination for the sex; my husband came in here and bragged about you to me—to me—just as if I didn't have eyes in my own head to judge people with! I suppose you don't understand that this means ruin to the boy—the absolute blasting of all our hopes for him. Why don't you come right out with it and tell me how much you want? You and I can arrange this whole matter quietly, without bothering my poor sister with it. I'll agree to anything reasonable. Be sensible now, and let's get through with this foolishness. I'm a frank person; let's have no beating about the bush."

"I'm a frank person myself," remarked Gail hotly, "and I'm sorry to have to remind you that I'm a guest in this house, and that while I'm here I don't propose to be insulted by you or anybody else. If you had a spark of womanliness in you—or mercy, or charity—you wouldn't talk this way to another woman, no matter how little you trusted her. As for taking your money, I'll settle that right now by telling you that I'm not for sale—not for all the money in the family. I hope we understand each other!"

With considerable difficulty and much groaning, Mrs. Barton raised herself in her bed.

"Humph! So that's the tune, is it?"

"It is," Gail affirmed. "And I'll say to you further that, as far as your nephew's concerned, the world is pretty full of decent, self-respecting, industrious young men, and that I'm not so sure it's to my best interests to marry a young man who has never earned a dollar in his life and may settle down to being a loafer, for all I know."

A deep groan was Mrs. Barton's answer. Gail asked politely if she was suffering.

"Suffering! What do you know about suffering? You don't look as if you ever had an ache or pain in your life! Don't people suffer when they have lumbago? I knew it was a mistake going out on the Cape; and the sheets at the Livingstons' were damp—I knew they were damp! And to come up here for peace and find this house all upset! And that maid had the effrontery to tell me there isn't a mustard plaster on the place. To keep house without mustard plasters! I've warned my sister time and again to have mustard plasters on hand when I come."

"If you'll calm yourself for a few minutes, I'll make you a mustard plaster."

"You—you!" cried Mrs. Barton. "Well, see what you can do and hurry back."

Gail found the five servants of the household in executive session in the kitchen. They were discussing Gail, as she knew instantly from their precipitate exits. The potato-paver had ceased whimpering; she produced mustard and flour, and went in search of them.

IN ten minutes Gail was back in Mrs. Barton's chamber. The sufferer sniffed the plaster critically, groaned, and gave directions for its application.

"I must say that you have more sense than I expected to find in a theater girl," she panted, after the plaster had been put to work and Gail had turned the patient upon her back. "Why didn't you learn trained nursing and keep away from the stage? Some very nice girls go into nursing."

"Of course only very naughty girls go on the stage," Gail returned with spirit. "Just for politeness' sake, let's agree that your nephew is a gentleman and not likely to take up with a girl he wouldn't be proud to introduce to his mother and her family. I think we'll all be happier if you will see it that way."

"Are you trying to be impertinent to me?" Mrs. Barton demanded.

"That's as you please to look at it," Gail answered, walking to the window.

She stood dreamily watching a sail stealing along the horizon until a moan from the bed aroused her. The mustard had begun to assert its power.

"I really believe that thing's going to help me," Mrs. Barton announced.

"Tell me when it gets too hot and I'll take it off," said Gail amiably.

With grim stoicism Mrs. Barton endured it for twenty minutes, diverting herself with questions as to Gail's ancestors, education, and outlook on life.

Being without data as to Miss Tolmette Gilmore's history, Gail gave rein to her imagination. The Gilmores were an old Vermont family. Miss Gilmore, as Gail depicted her, was a person of highly respectable, even distinguished antecedents. After shaking a box of talcum over the area rubricated by the mustard, she said:

"I'll go now, unless there's something else I can do for you."

"Well," Mrs. Barton assented grudgingly. "I suppose that silly Richard is waiting for you. You may send Marie in. I'll be down for luncheon. I never take my meals in bed, young woman."

"I rather prefer taking nourishment in an upright position myself," Gail replied.

"What's that?" demanded Mrs. Barton, a grim, reluctant smile crossing her face.

"I said I didn't like eating in bed."

WHEN Gail, having been summoned for luncheon, entered the living-room, Mr. Richard Maybury sprang up hastily.

"Well!" he ejaculated anxiously.

"Well!" Gail mocked.

"How's mother?" he asked.

"Very comfortable—thank you."

"And Aunt Peggy? I'm not responsible for what she may have said to you; I tried to warn you to keep away from her. I'd like to have saved you from anything remotely disagreeable," he added, with honest contrition.

Continued on page 10

A Statement About *Every Week* On Its First Birthday

A YEAR ago, while Americans were still paralyzed by the sudden horror of the war, we launched this magazine.

Probably there had never been a less auspicious period in the history of publishing.

Men were still uncertain how the war would affect the business of the United States. Bankers were pessimistic.

Advertisers had either canceled or greatly curtailed their advertising appropriations.

"No new magazine can live in these troubled days," said some.

Others, more eager to save our money than to spare our feelings, added: "And no three-cent magazine can succeed, now—or ever."

In the face of so much well intentioned discouragement we prepared our first modest number and sent it forth.

That was a year ago.

Without great pressure the magazine has forged ahead, gathering readers to itself one by one, and their number is increasing with most gratifying steadiness.

We have determined on this, our first birthday, to adopt a mark of distinction for *Every Week*—a kind of household god to be set regularly at the head of our editorial column as the embodiment of our ideal.

With due reverence, we have chosen the head of Abraham Lincoln.

As we have set down the purposes for which we should like to have this weekly stand, we have been more and more conscious that they are the purposes for which he stood.

"God must love the plain people," he said, "or He would not have made so many of them."

The great American middle class, the backbone of the nation—that is our chosen constituency. Neither our purpose nor our price excludes any one.

We stand for the people who, as Lincoln did, win their education through their reading. We stand with him—and them—for thrift, for a better national health, for more outdoor living, for better homes, clean amusements, for progress through self-help, for devotion to an ideal.

And with him, also, for a finer, more efficient patriotism than America has yet known.

A patriotism that shall prove to the world that free men can yet be efficient men in their business, their social relationships, and their government.

We can imagine no nobler business than this—to build a weekly that shall, week by week, build women and men in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln.

Such a purpose is not quickly attained. It calls for steadfastness, and patience, and money.

We recognize the requirements: we have counted the cost.

We enter on our second year joyously, conscious that there are a great many people who wish us well, eager to justify their faith, and the faith of the other thousands and hundred thousands whom the year will bring to us.

THE EDITORS.

"My Dear King"

By WILLIAM NELSON TAFT

"MY dear Czar," you or I would write, if we wanted to congratulate Nicholas II on having reached his forty-ninth birthday without being blown up by a bomb, poisoned with a cream tart, or strangled with the sash of a Circassian spy. "My dear Czar: This finds me well and hoping you are the same." But if the President of the United States should happen to want to exchange a few friendly words with a fellow ruler, would he be allowed to do it in this easy, informal fashion? No, he would not. In the first place, this is how he would have to begin his letter:

To His Majesty, Czar Nicholas, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, of Moscow, Kiew, Vladimir, Novgorod, Czar of Kasan, Czar of Astrakhan, Czar of Siberia, Czar of the Chersonese, Czar of Georgia, Lord of Plescow, and Grand Duke of Smolensk, Lithuania, Volynia, of Courland and Semigalle, of Bielostoch, Vitakn, and other provinces, Lord and Grand Duke of Lower Novgorod, of Czernigo, Polotzk, Rostow, Jaroslow, Bolowersk, Oudor, Obdor and Widepsk, Ruler of All the Country of the North, Lord of Armenia, Hereditary Prince and Sovereign of all the Princes of the Highlands and Lord of Turkestan: Greetings.

And, in the second place, he would not be allowed to begin it at all: for Mr. Sidney Y. Smith, Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau of the State Department, is especially charged with seeing after all this; and whenever there is a royal marriage, a royal birth, or a royal death anywhere in the world—it being the duty of the President to send a letter of congratulation or condolence, as the case may be, on all such occasions—Sidney Smith is the man who sees that it is done in the proper manner.

There is a set and prescribed form for each of these communications. Each is transcribed in the finest copper-plate handwriting by a pen expert of the Department of State upon specially prepared gilt-edged paper. The letter is then sent to the White House, where the President signs it, and it is carried back to the State Department for the counter-signature of Secretary Lansing. Having been placed, without folding, in a large envelop, and sealed with the Great Seal of the United States, it is sent, together with a copy, in a special letter pouch to the proper Ambassador or Minister, with instructions to deliver the copy to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the original to the monarch "in such fashion as may be most agreeable."

He Never Knows He Got a Letter

IT is interesting to note, however, that the ruler to whom the letter is sent never receives the document, and probably never learns that it has been written. That is taken care of by the under secretaries, who, in turn, prepare a formal reply. The ruler signs this reply, and it is sent to President Wilson. As the President never sees this communication, everybody is even.

It is probably fortunate for the health of the nation's Chief Executive that he is not expected to write, by hand, the missives he sends to foreign rulers—though not all rulers have as long or as formal a title as has the Czar.

The President's letters of this nature always begin: "Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, To His Majesty," etc.; and the accepted form for the closing is: "May God have your Majesty in His wise keeping. Your very good friend, Woodrow Wilson."

In incoming letters the form of opening and closing varies according to the country from which the President's mail comes. From the Court of St. James, for example, there will arrive a "personal" letter beginning: "George, By the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India [etc., etc.], To the President of the United States of America—Greetings"; and concludes: "Your very good friend, George, R. and I." The last initials stand for "Rex and Imperator," and only the signature is written by the King himself.

King Albert of Belgium is the most democratic of the rulers, beginning his letters to the President without any flamboyant flourish and simply writing: *Très cher et grand ami* (Very dear and great friend") and closing with: *Votre sincère ami* (Your sincere friend).

While French is the language generally used in diplomatic correspondence, it is the custom for each ruler to use his own tongue in these theoretically personal communications. The letters from Petrograd and from Tokio, however, are always accompanied by a translation into French. Apparently the Russians and Japanese fear that we could not read their queer writing, so they plan to be on the safe side. The Chinese, on the other hand, never bother with a translation, and one of their official communications resembles a magnified laundry ticket.

A Letter from the Fijian King

THE Algerian and Moroccan letters are likewise very cryptic; but the gem of the State Department's collection is a letter written to the President by the King of the Fiji Islands a number of years ago. It is inscribed on a very large whale's tooth, to which is attached a plait of some kind of vegetable fiber. The "writing" is in the native alphabet, and it took the State Department a long time to find out what it was all about. It was finally discovered that the King desired to announce his marriage to wife number ten.

The Man in the Stone House

By FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustration by George E. Wolfe

THE Mudges had just sat down to breakfast—which was always early in that house—when the telephone rang. Louise answered, but the call was for Ezra.

"What?" croaked out the old man, immediately he had put the receiver to his ear. "*What's that?* . . . You don't tell me! . . . How much? . . . No! . . . You don't tell me, now! . . . And the other money too, eh? Well, well!"

"*That's* the end of *that*," announced Ezra triumphantly to the women at the table. "Now I guess he'll wish he'd taken a little advice."

"Who? What is it?" asked the women.

"Endbrook," replied Ezra.

"What—has happened, dad?" said Louise, going white and half rising.

"Nothing, except that they blew open the safe in his store last night or this morning sometime, and cleaned him out."

"Oh—is that all?" said the girl, sinking back into her chair.

"Is that all! Isn't that enough? Cleaned him right up dry. Didn't leave a postage stamp. What did ye think it might be, anyway?"

"I thought it might be an accident," replied Louise. "If it's only money—"

"Only money!" cried Ezra, not intending to have the luster of his information tarnished. "Only money! It wasn't only his money. Every cent belonging to the Lunatics' Association has gone with his. The young fool drawed all the money that was to boost Boxton, and make a bigger 'n' better 'n' busier 'n' what-not Boxton—and put it into his safe. And it's gone."

Aunt Lyddy shivered. "That's terrible, Ezra," she said.

"Well, he wouldn't mind what I told him—and now look where he is," Ezra replied, attacking his breakfast.

"Did they say—where he is?" asked Louise.

"He's disappeared—flew the coop. He waited just long enough to tell Joel Tibb that he's put his shoe store in the hands of the Lunatics' Club to be sold at auction and turn everything he owns over to 'em, and then he went—and they're looking for him now."

LOUISE said nothing. Suddenly she rose from the table and left the room. They heard her running upstairs.

"Now what's the matter with *her*?" said Ezra.

Aunt Lyddy looked at her husband a moment before she replied. Finally she said calmly: "Perhaps 'twould have been just as well to have broken it more gently, Ezra."

Ezra had dashed down his coffee and risen, and was pacing up and down the floor, hands behind his back, shaking his head and indulging in muttered remarks of gratification. He stopped to reply:

"Nonsense! Didn't I give 'em both a chance? Didn't I tell young Endbrook how it stood? He might have had everything his own way. He might have been the biggest man in these parts if he showed the head for it. Now look at him. Busted! Busted! Worse'n busted!"

Fifteen minutes passed. Aunt Lyddy carried the dishes out to the kitchen and washed them hurriedly. As soon as she found the opportunity, she went upstairs and knocked gently at the door of Louise's room. The girl opened it. She was in her riding habit.

"Why, Louise, where are you going?"

"I don't know. I'm going to find Walter. Now, please, Aunt Lyddy, don't make a fuss about it."

"I don't mean to make a fuss," replied the little old woman. "I say go ahead. That's what I'd do, if I were as young as you. Wait a minute, Louise. Have you got any money?"

"I've got a little. I won't need much."

"You don't know," replied Aunt Lyddy, dashing into her own room. She came back with several bank-notes. "Put these away where you won't lose them," she ordered. "Give me a kiss. Now go along. If Ezra says anything, tell him you're going out for a ride. That's true. And don't forget to telephone me if—"

"I won't," promised Louise, putting her arms around the old woman's neck and hugging her wildly.

ONCE on the back of her little bay mare and out of sight of the big stone house, Louise began to consider.

"First I'd better go up to the station," she thought, "and see if he has taken a train. If he has, it won't be any use."

The station agent shook his head. "No; I'd have seen him if he'd been here."

For a moment she halted.

"Walter isn't running away," she told herself. "He isn't that sort. He's all broken up and nervous, and he's gone out somewhere to think it over. It isn't likely he would hire a horse and carriage. He must be walking. But which road?"

Roads ran out from Boxton in a dozen directions. Not only that: there were cross-roads, that formed a network like a spider's web. Louise remembered reading in one of the town reports that there were 158 miles of road, altogether, in the town. It seemed quite hopeless.

Yet—there was one road that was different from all the rest. That was the one that she and Walter had so often walked on Sunday afternoons. They had told each other many times that it was the most beautiful place in the world. Grass had grown up in the middle, between the deep ruts, except for long stretches that ran through the woods. Few carriages ever passed over it in these days.

Something came out of the girl's intuition—out of that storehouse of intimate woman-knowledge that has never been plumbed—and told her the way to go.

Once on the old road, Louise flicked the mare gently with the whip. A half-grown rabbit darted out from the underbrush, bolted along in front of the horse for a hundred feet, and vanished. A woodchuck squealed, unseen, somewhere on the roadside, and rattled noisily away. The sky was pure overhead. It was still so early that the sun had not parched the freshness of the air. On the grass-grown middle of the highway the mare's feet made as little noise that only the lonesome note of a hermit-thrush seemed to travel along with them.

Suddenly Louise reined in the mare so quickly that she nearly lost her balance. Dismounting, she led her horse into a little bower of shrubs, patted the moist flank soothingly a moment, and then stepped out into the road again.

A FEW hundred feet ahead, a man was sitting on a log. His elbows were resting on his knees, and his chin was supported by his hands. He seemed not to have heard the approach of the horse. She was not near enough to see the man's face. It was not necessary.

She came near enough almost to reach out and touch him on the shoulder, and he had not looked up.

"Walter!" she said softly. Her breath was coming fast.

He raised his head and took off his hat, and the first thing she noticed was a red band along his forehead where the hat-band had been pressed too tightly. He spoke:

"I heard you coming. I knew it was you. You've heard?"

Louise did not reply at once. She sat down upon the log beside him and took his hand.

"I knew you'd be here—out on our road," she whispered.

Then there was a silence.

"Your father knows?" Endbrook asked finally.

"Yes. Some one telephoned the first thing this morning. That's how I happened to come here. I thought you might—need me. I knew you hadn't run away. I knew you just wanted to get out somewhere and think. And so I came."

She rose and stood before him, and put both her hands on his shoulders. As he looked up, she bent over and looked deep into his eyes.

"I sha'n't let her have you!" she said, between her teeth.

"'Her have me,'" repeated Endbrook, with an expression that indicated his surprise. Then he understood that her mind was far from the robbery, and that she was referring to the scene in the doorway the night before.

"Lou," he said, standing up and facing her, "there won't be any misunderstanding about *her* when I tell you what I'm going to tell. You heard that everything is gone—the Boosters' money and all? Yes, it's all gone. Perhaps you thought it was hard luck for me, Lou, or something like that? It wasn't. It's just the way they punish fools. Sit down, Lou, and I'll tell you."

SHE heard him to the end without an interruption or even a change of expression, save that a deeper sympathy was reflected on her face. There was a pause, and then she said to him:

"Walter, I'm almost glad she turned out bad." She smiled as she said it. "Isn't that like a woman?"

"I'm not thinking of her," said the man. "I've been wondering—I've had wild notions that they might get Catorno or her. They must have been working together. But our county officers don't amount to much, and the chances are a hundred to one against finding the money on them, anyway. No; it's my finish, so far as the store is concerned, Lou. I can say that coldly, because I've had time to think."

"What shall we do?" asked the girl.

"*We!*" he replied. "*We'll* do nothing, Lou. *I'm* going to—"

"Walter," she cried, sensing his meaning instantly, "what do you mean? Aren't we going to stand together in this? Aren't we—"

"In God's name, Lou," he replied, "don't make it any harder for me now, I love you a thousand times more than I

"She came near enough to touch him; he did not look up. 'Walter!' she said softly."

The story began in the issue for March 25, 1916.

was capable of loving you yesterday. I'm a new man, Louise. It wasn't that I was a fool; it's that I was a self-satisfied fool. Perhaps you don't see what I mean. I don't know as I see clearly myself. I know there's something new and determined inside here, and I feel different. I can love now, Louise. I know what it is—it's different than it was—and I'm big enough to—let you go."

"Let me go?" she repeated dully.

"Let you go—yes. I'm going to start all over again. My state's going to be sold at auction. It won't bring what I owe, at a forced sale, but I can pretty nearly make it up. It'll take everything. Then I'm going to work. And I'm not going to leave town, either. I'm going to stay here and take my medicine. I think Joel Tibb will give me a job. He was saying last week he needed a delivery clerk. Well, that's what I mean by letting you go, Lou. I mean I want you to be free."

"Oh, this is all crazy—crazy!" she cried. "You can't do anything like that, Walter. There must be some way out. But if there isn't—"

"Yes?" he asked breathlessly.

"I'll marry you next year, and live anywhere, if we have to. I mean it."

She came to him now, put her face close to his. He let his lips brush against her cheek, and then jumped up.

"No," he said; "that's the sort of thing I might have done yesterday. But I'm a new man, Lou. It wouldn't do at all—you know it wouldn't, and there's no use in deceiving ourselves. Particularly there's no use in my dragging you down with me. You know what your father would say. What's the use, Lou?"

"You don't care enough for me," was her sweetly reasonable reply. "You don't. I know what you'll say; but you don't—you don't. If you did you couldn't talk that way. You couldn't be—couldn't be—sensible."

He laughed at that, but it was a laugh tinged with bitterness.

"I'm not going to be charged with having too much sense," he told her quietly—"not when I get back to the village."

THE nurse, hearing Eadbrook's laugh, had raised her head from the brush at the side of the road, and whimpered. It reminded Eadbrook that the time was passing. He glanced at the girl beside him. She was standing, with her hands clasped, looking down. He had the impulse to take her in his arms, and he obeyed it. He held her tightly—more tightly than there was need, for she was clinging to him like a frightened child.

"Do as I say," he told her. "Go back to the village now. I'll come along later. You might, if there was some way you could, get word to Starr that I'll see him this afternoon—or as soon as I get there. We can talk about—the other things—later. Good-by."

She did not move. She looked up into Eadbrook's face, and there was something now shining in her eyes. "Go on! Go on," she murmured. "You never used to talk to me like that. You have changed, Walter; and I love it. Tell me something to do; give me orders, dear. Speak in just that tone you did then. I cannot but have to help you. But oh, how glad I am you've *got to help me!* What shall I do? Tell me!"

He held her out at arm's length a moment, turned her around, and walked up the road toward the horse.

"I want you to go back," he said, with a wan smile. "That's all now."

"You have changed—you have!" she whispered. "It's wonderful."

"Good-by," he said.

She looked at him wistfully a moment. He helped her to her seat, pressed her hand, and she was gone.

Eadbrook thrust his hands in his pockets and went back to get his hat.

"Changed!" he repeated grimly. "Changed! I'm afraid it came a little late."

Joel Tibb was whisking back and forth in Starr's room at the Commercial Hotel, like a trapped squirrel.

At every turn he was wringing his hands and saying: "What ye going to do? What ye going to do? We got to do something. What ye going to do?"

"Sit down and take it easier, Joel," replied Starr, for the tenth time. "You're getting in a bad state. Sit down."

Joel sat down, remained seated for half a minute, then bobbed up again.

"I can't sit down!" he cried. "How's anybody going to sit down, with things this way? Oh, this'll be nuts for Ezra. I can see him up there, rubbing his hands and cackling—"

"You're thinking too much about Ezra," warned Starr. "Fact, I wouldn't wonder if that's been the trouble with all of us, all along. Thinking too much about Ezra, I mean. There's no use getting excited, Joel. It's done. And we don't know but it'll be all right yet. If Eadbrook does what he says he'll do—and he can't very well get away from it—the Association will come out whole. Poor Eadbrook! I can't get it through my head why he drew that money—"

"Well," said Joel bitterly, "you haven't heard the way the merchants are talking about it. They're all ready to throw up the sponge. Dud Gillette is dying around hollering 'I told ye so' in everybody's ear. The boost has busted."

AFTER Joel was gone, there came a knock at the door.

"Lady to see you, Mr. Starr," said the boy. "Here's her card."

Starr glanced at the name:

Miss Katherine Burbridge.

"In the parlor?" asked Starr. "All right; I'll be right down."

"I hope you'll forgive me for bothering you, Mr. Starr," began Katherine, when Starr entered the parlor. "But I couldn't go to any one but you. I want to ask you about Walter."

"Well, it's simple enough, so far as Eadbrook is concerned," the man replied. "The poor fellow, for some reason or other, withdrew the Association's money from the Eastfield National Bank and put it in his safe. One of the fakirs that was here last week, who seems to have been a sort of cracksman in addition to being a showman, got wind of it—and the rest of the story is in plain sight down at Eadbrook's store. The safe was blown last night. How they knew he had the money is something we're trying to find out. The constable says he was around the Square during the night, and didn't see anything. It was clever work—some old hand at the business, no doubt. And there you are."

"Naturally it's going to make things hard for—your work," she said thoughtfully.

"You're right. Things are breaking badly, as it is. Several of the men have fallen out of line, and the rest of the merchants are up in the air. But I'm going to stick. This town's going to be boosted, if there's any boost in it."

She looked at him curiously.

"*If there's any boost in it,*" she repeated.

Starr caught the expression. He came over and sat down beside her.

"You know a lot about this town and the people," he said to her earnestly. "I wish I knew you well enough to—well, to be able to talk frankly."

"Please do," she replied quickly. "Please let me talk frankly with you, Mr. Starr. I've wanted to tell you how much I admired your pluck and your cleverness, and how sorry I am—"

For the first time since he had been in Buxton, Starr felt uncomfortable on his own account.

"Yes?" he interjected nervously. "Sorry for what, Miss Burbridge?"

"I don't know that I ought to say it."

"Please tell me. Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings."

"Mr. Starr," she said, "you're wasting your time. It's a shame. You're working so hard, and so sincerely—and you're bound to fail. I was born in Buxton, and I know my people."

"I've met some mighty nice men and women here," said Starr.

"Of course you have. You've met some of the best people in the world. But haven't you noticed that they sort of like to stick to their own ways?"

Starr's face was reddened with recollections.

"Well," he said, almost in a tone of self-defense, "they seemed to enjoy the Carnival week."

"Why, they're perfectly human, Mr. Starr. They enjoy a free show, or even a show that costs money, once in a while. Did many old New Englanders come home for Old Home Week?"

"Why, not so very many—not of the class we wanted."

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "When it happens that these people do get away, almost the first thing they do is to join the Vermont Club, or the Maine Club, or the Massachusetts Club, wherever they go. Every year after that they go to the banquet of their club, and everybody makes a speech saying what a grand old place it was where they came from, and bless the old town's heart, and all that sort of thing. But you never see them going back again to live, do you? Why, Mr. Starr, I've seen tears—honest tears—running down their cheeks as they described the old farm; but they're not on the farm. They're still in New York. That's why they came home last week, to look it all over—but they're all gone now."

"All the same," declared Starr stubbornly, "I believe this town can be boosted. I've got some fine cards up my sleeve yet. This Carnival business was just the froth, you know. I've been working night and day. I've got letters—"

"I mustn't look at them," she interrupted.

"Oh, I didn't think of bothering you with them," he explained.

"Bothering? I'd be delighted to look at them," she replied. "But you want to keep them for the boosters. I am *not* a booster."

Starr looked at her in surprise.

"I thought—I thought you were with us, Miss Burbridge," he said, flushing heavily. Disappointment was painfully apparent on his face.

THEY were sitting side by side. She leaned over, her face resting on her elbow, on the arm of the chair, and looked up at him sympathetically.

"I *am* with *you*—and Eadbrook—and Louise," she said softly. "I believe in you all. I'd never in the world let the antis know how I feel. I'd never breathe a word that could hurt your plans, Mr. Starr. But I must tell you, down deep in my soul, I'm against the boost."

"But why?" he insisted. "Why, I never dreamed—"

"Because," she said, measuring her words carefully, "I don't think I really believe in boosting. Somehow, I wonder if there isn't, after all, something rather cheap and shoddy and a little bit mean about what's commonly called boosting a town or an enterprise. Doesn't it usually mean that you want people to think you've got something better than you have? Don't you sort of lose your sense of proportion, Mr. Starr? And how could one place be shouted into prominence except at the expense of some other place that may have just as much merit? I don't know that I'm right, but it does seem that way to me. And when it comes to Boston, I don't believe in it at all. I'd rather see Boston Boston, and I think Boston would be much happier to be just Boston. And now, how you must hate me!"

"Hate you?" he replied. "Don't say that. I don't agree with you, but—may I say it?—you're like a breath of fresh air. I'm going to show you that you are wrong, and I want you to be my friend."

She looked at him with unmistakable admiration.

"Courage!" she said. "You've got it! I like it so much! If only you'd put it into something really big and worth while, what wonders you could do! But I came to speak about poor Walter Eadbrook, and we've hardly thought of him at all. Don't you think it would be possible—"

Starr gave her at the moment a meaning look, and turned toward the door.

Walter Eadbrook was standing there. Ezra Mudge was in high spirits. His weather-worn face was beaming with satisfaction. He strode up and down the sitting-room, stopping once in a while to throw his shoulders a little farther back and give a vigorous and well pleased pull at the bottom of his waistcoat.

Aunt Lyddy Mudge and Louise sat quietly watching him. For a quarter of an hour Ezra had been doing the talking. They had made no answer to his complacent self-appreciation, and Ezra seemed to expect none. He was in that blissful frame of mind where all he needed was a receptive audience.

"You see!" he cried, throwing out his arm with an oratorical flourish. "You see now, don't you! Where are they now, the great boosters? They were going to bank the old man out of town, were they? They were going to show the old man a few things he didn't know! Well, who's on top of the heap, I want to know?"

Aunt Lyddy gave Louise a meaningful look, as if to say, "Not just yet. But stand by, Louise; I'm getting ready."

"Busted!" continued Ezra. "Busted! That's what they are. I told you they wouldn't have any luck. And they thought they were turning clever, didn't they? Most popular man in Boston! He, he! Who's the most popular man in Boston? Well, I've got the sap. It must be me. Old Home Week! Going to put up the first comer at the expense of the town, were they? Well, they did! *Joe Tinker!* He, he!"

Ezra rubbed his hands gleefully, and warmed up to the subject more and more.

"Busted!" he went on. "Couldn't keep the money in the bank, because old Ezra Mudge sort of had a little quiet interest there. So they started their own bank. He, he! And now the bank's wrecked! I've shown 'em, I guess. Haven't I shown 'em?"

"You've made a fool of yourself, if that's any satisfaction to you," said Aunt Lyddy quietly.

"Eh? What's that?" asked Ezra, dazed. His face showed that he couldn't believe that he had caught the words rightly.

"You've made a fool of yourself, if that's any satisfaction to you," repeated the little old woman, still in a mild tone, but with her fingers clenched in determination.

Words that might have expressed Ezra's feelings somehow escaped him. Or perhaps they were not in the English language. The old man stared at his wife incredulously. His mouth remained open. He raised one hand to enforce discipline or to commingle a retort; and then, as the retort did not come, he observed that his hand was in the air, and seemed to be wondering how it came there. Then, evidently considering it absurd for a man to be maintaining one hand in the air without adequate reason, he let it fall, and followed suit by letting the rest of his body fall into a chair. Finally he boarded out: "What d'ye mean? What d'ye mean?"

"I mean what I say, Ezra."

"Louise," cried Ezra in a choking voice, turning to the girl at Aunt Lyddy's side (their hands were clasped between the chairs), "your ma has gone out of her head."

"No, she hasn't, dad," replied Louise. "I—I think just as she does."

"You think as she does?" Ezra almost screamed. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"I'll tell you what we mean," said Aunt Lyddy, taking up the burden of explanation. "We mean that you haven't been near so smart as you think you have—and we know it, don't we, Louise? And we don't intend to be bamboozled any more, do we, Louise? If you want everybody to hate you and despise you and revile you, you go ahead, Ezra; but you're not going to drag Louise and me into it."

"You're crazy!" Ezra shouted. "I won't have such talk! I won't listen to it!"

They heard him rush into the hallway and go pounding upstairs.

"You sit right where you are, Louise," said Aunt Lyddy, as the girl started in

Continued on page 13

We Nominate for the Trenches

Photographs by Brown Brothers

WHEN war comes, General Wood, please reserve a nice forward trench for the Third Reader Class at the movies. One member of the class always sits just behind us and reads, "Pauline-bids-good-by-to-her-old-mother." Then comes the explanation: "You see, this girl married this fellow, and then this other fellow comes back and finds this fellow. Then—wait—see. He's a burglar. This other fellow is going to stab him from behind the safe. Didn't I tell you? I seen this film last week."

YOU never see the front face of a talkative sales-lady—only her profile. "Ribbon, miss?" says the profile to the customer, and goes on to the other profile: "Out with him again last night. Yeah. And he sez— (Oh, you' tnt taffeta ribbon.) And I sez— (Dee. this match!) And he sez— (Twenty-nine cents a yard.) And I sez— (Is it a charge?) And he sez— (Oh, you want to take it with you.) And I sez— (How do you spell your name, again, please?) And he sez— (Pardon me, lady, I didn't get your address.)"

"SKIN very bad, very dry, sir. Needs to be stimulated. Electric massage, sir? No? Very well; we'll see what we can do with a plain massage. 'Fraid you're going to lose your hair. Very thin around the temples and crown. Gets thinner every time. I'll put some pomade on? No pomade? Needs a shampoo. Look at that comb. Oily." If we were Mister Gillette we would amend our advertising to read, "No stropping, no honing, no conversation."

THIS armored cruiser is invariably found on the stairs that we wish to ascend in a hurry. She moves slowly and contentedly, often with a song on her lips, and she carries her weapon under her arm like a bayonet. Several hundred brave men and women went down on the *Titanic*. Oh, if we could only have selected the passenger list for that fatal trip.

WHEN your wife tells you that she came straight home and didn't go riding on the street-cars, get out her white silk suit and look for the prints of the conductor's fingers. Why, oh, why, do conductors do it? "Wait-till-the car-stops,"—and *zip*, down comes the iron claw. Perhaps they are in league with the tailors. If so, let the shrapnel shriek.

WHEN the call comes for soldiers, we will secretly furnish the army officials with the names of a fine assortment of sidewalk mashers. Not only are they disgusting, but they are lacking in imagination. Always the same approach: "Ain't you lonely, little one?" or, "Excuse me, but a'n't you Grace Henry?" When their bodies are brought back from the front, we shall murmur quite contentedly: "Well, war is war."

"FIRST in peace, first in war, first in the seat of the open car." Gentlemen, allow us to present the end-seat hog. We have never got on a car so near the Isaras that he was not there before us: we have never ridden long enough to see him get off. And always he has a suit-case and muddy rubbers—even when it hasn't rained for weeks. We prithee, von Hindenburg, when thou sumest, do not forget the deadly gas.

IF women are allowed to vote, they should be allowed to fight. Who is this candidate for Company A, First Regiment? Why, the lady who argues at the ticket window: "Are you sure these tickets aren't behind a post? Let me see the chart. Oh, is that where they are?" Or, "Could you give me just a little idea of what this play is about?" And meanwhile we stand in line, knowing that when we do finally get back to the office we shall be docked.

With All Their P

THE handsomer of the two Messrs. Belasco in this picture was the cleverest clown in London in the forties, and his young wife had a pretty talent for reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." Early in his career David Belasco discovered that it cost two bits to go to the theater, so, acting on the principle that one may give up everything except the luxuries in life, he worked up a lively trade in old bottles and spent the profits on theater tickets. Belasco, Sr., tried to make a rabbi out of David. But David preferred to become one of the greatest theatrical managers in the world, and did so.

Photograph from Wendell Phillips Dodge

Photograph by Sarony

THIS simple maiden with something of a leaning toward jewelry began life down in Washington as a disappointment. (she was meant to be a boy), but has never repeated the offense. She is low-spirited in this picture because some cruel person has just called her "red-head." But cheer up, Billie Burke; the day is coming when you will be known as a "Titian blonde" and will be able to crown those auburn curls with a different hat for every day in the year, all out of your golf steak bag bulging with six $1,000 weekly from the movies.

THE name of this fellow on his mama's lap once was "Sprats." His grandmother, Queen Victoria, used to refer to him as "a source of both merriment and apprehension." One day when he was about eight he was having dinner with her and a number of other important personages in Windsor Castle. He drummed on the table with his silver and fidgeted about until finally his grandmother spoke to him severely. Whereupon down went Sprats under the table out of sight. After the manner of royalty, conversation went on as if nothing had happened. After some twenty minutes of well-concealed suspense, up bobbed Sprats without a stitch of clothing upon his person. Unfortunately for the moral effect of this story, Sprats is now George, King of England, ruler over one fifth of the human race.

Photograph from Charles L. Bibermann

YOU didn't suspect that this was Lillian Russell? Well, neither did she. She used to be just little Nellie Leonard of Clinton, Iowa. Lillian (not Nellie) has been married to three musicians and one Pittsburgh business man. A Russian prince shuwered diamonds upon her, a Greek prince wanted to marry her, and a Buffalo machinist threw himself over Niagara Falls for love of her.

LITTLE Hugo Munsterberg looks weary in this picture. "I was a great reader at four years of age," says the psychologist. "At four years also I began playing the piano, but gave it up at nine for the 'cellonecello." His literary and musical habits established, he early plunged into the business of applying psychology to the problems of every-day life. For example, he invented the dread sphygmometer. They bind it round your arm and ask you questions. As long as you tell the truth, the sphygm behaves quietly. But start to fabricate, and it shunts the indicator to 140! The doctor will tackle any problem and solve it by psychology

Photograph from Charles L. Bibermann

I play my scales both up and down
And make my fingers sure,
And when I'm through I play my scales
No better than before—

was not written of this youngster, who toured the country with astonishing success at the age of eighteen. $2500 an hour is what Josef Hofmann's diligent practising now brings him in. Hear also reflect, O thou little Mabel and small Algernon,

Past Before Them

Photo by Bert Cooper, Los Angeles

SAID his Adams aproject of his daughter Maude's going on the stage at the age of seven: "I won't have the child madang a fool of herself. I shall not make a fool of myself whenever Maude, and the matter was settled. There are just two speeches that most people have heard Miss Adams make—one at the door of the theater. "Where are you going," her admirers ask. "Uptown," says Miss Adams. Good night! The other is her curtain speech. Thank you, she says.

EVEN before he was a star, Mr E. H. Sothern was a baby. Mr Sothern accepting the situation gracefully recalls in his autobiography (a) so sang in a box at the Haymarket; (b) a boy, timid you; (b) playing pirate in the coal yard with Joe Jefferson; and (c) looking for baby brother to be born in the rhubarb patch. But on one subject the actor remains silent. "If we want our child to become a romantic (said prosaically) Romeo, what is he answer Mr Sothern? Were you, for instance ever so spanked?

SOON after Eddy Collins family first gazed upon this picture they started him for the bar. I entered Columbia as a student and graduated as a ball-player, said Eddy a few years later as he banked his $50,000 yearly salary earned by among other exploits pilfering sixty-three bases for the Chicago Americans. His worst vices are golf and chocolate ice cream.

MR and Mrs Sydney D. Parrar used to pick out a safe place to leave their youngster to before they started off to sing in the Congregational church choir in Melrose, Massachusetts. After a bit Geraldine sang there too. Within a few months the four-year-old singer made her professional debut singing at a Melrose concert for which she received $10. A little later Mrs. Parrar took her daughter to sing Cairo in Carmen. You know what crazy ideas young girls get into their heads sometime. Geraldine then and here decided to sing Carmen one day at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. And

Photograph from Pathe, Milton

MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL played the simple part of childhood with all the consequence one expects in a star handling every situations of this sort in a fashion certain to elicit the sympathy of all who see her. When Miss Rockwell makes her farewell tour in thirty or forty years, we hope she will retire not only "The Doll House" and "Pine Feathers," but his drama of the egg. At present she is playing the lead in the screen drama "He Fell in Love with his Wife."

Photograph by Sperry

WHEN Tom Osborne (the young chap in the charge of big six er) was put into a dark closet where he conceived a hatred of prisons. His home town has a prison in it and by and by, when he grew up, he had himself locked up there to see if it was really so bad. It was. Then he started in to fix his private business and as warden of Sing Sing his innovations jolted the whole corrective system. You are making a prison into a pleasant resort, people said; and, when Tough Tony escaped, the I-told-you-so chorus was loud. But in twenty-four hours Tony was back. I couldn't pull a trick like that on the warden," said Tony.

Still in the Ring

WHEN is a woman old? At thirty? Some of them. At forty? More of them. At fifty? Most of them. But the best answer is: When she stops growing she begins to be old. At eighty-five Marion Harland (Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune) still works nine hours a day and is one of the youngest women in New York. In addition to writing numberless books, she found time to raise three children, all well known writers.

Photograph by Gertrude A. Bregman.

THE boosters in Los Angeles claim that Mrs. Jennie O'Riley Maguire is a testimonial to their wonderful climate. But she says that her eighty years are proof of the preservative value of a youthful heart and a love of song. There are a dozen organizations that consider no program complete unless Mrs. Maguire is on hand to sing "When you and I were young, Maggie," or "Let me be happy to-night."

Photograph from Verne Dyson.

FORfifty-five years Mother O'Hara has been selling vegetables, principally turnips, to the citizens of Cincinnati, and at seventy-three she is going stronger than ever. She is as well known in town as the Ohio River. "As for the high cost of living," she says, "there's nothing to that complaint. I notice you didn't hear much about it until the chicken coops in the back yards was all built over into garages."

Photograph from J. E. Schmich

Photograph from Mrs. F. E. Sorenson.

AND would you live forever? Then make a garden every spring. Let no alien hand desecrate it; do all the work yourself. Thus your life will be renewed with the renewal of the year, and marigolds will blossom eternally in your cheeks. This is the formula of Miss Sophronia Munson and Mrs. Jane Gilson, who, in spite of their seventy years and more, are credited with having the prettiest garden in Syracuse.

Photograph from Margaret Cooley

Photograph from Minnie S. Cline

A CENTURY-OLD loom and an eighty-seven year-old weaver who expects also to cross the century mark—let those who find life dull and monotonous consider the life-giving value of having a real occupation, a hobby. Mrs. Martha Mildred Copland was once rich and in new york. When fortune smiled, her loom was her hobby; when it ceased to smile, it became her support. Her rugs are famous in Indiana, and she expects to go on making them for a long time to come.

IN Mrs. Candace Wheeler's autograph book Mark Twain wrote, "To Mrs. Candace Wheeler with as much affection as is allowable between two people whose relicts are still alive." And another time Mark left a book on the porch with one of his visiting cards inscribed: "Where is he is your bell?" She was the first woman in America to make designs for textiles; the first to take up interior decorating as a profession, and to-day, at eighty-six, her life is just as full of achievement as ever.

Photograph from Minnie S. Cline

"A SPOONFUL in a glass of water three times a day before meals." For forty-five years Martha Hutchings Griffith has been writing prescriptions and giving good advice to the citizens of Darlington, Indiana. Her husband too is a physician, and both had settled in Darlington before they met each other. They decided to form a partnership to fight death and disease together until death should finally capture one of them. They are still at it.

MISS MARY ANN BOOTH, of Springfield, Massachusetts, is the only woman in America to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of London. She takes pictures of such delicate things as the tongue of a bumblebee, the wing of a mosquito, or the gizzard of a cricket. People who are in love with their work never grow old. Fall in love with your job, whether it is studying the stomach of an ant or filling the stomach of a man.

Photograph from L. Hollyer

ON Miss Harriet Dewey's seventieth birthday the staff of the Chicago *Daily News* gave her a banquet, to which came John T. McCutcheon, celebrities like George Ade and many of the other boys whose checks she has signed, sent their congratulations. For forty-six years Miss Dewey has been at work, serving only two masters—the Chicago *Post* at the beginning and the Chicago *News* later. Eugene Field told her many pathetic stories, in his effort to draw a few dollars before pay-day than he ever wrote in all his books.

Photograph from Katherine Page

The Child Who Kills Himself

By B ADDINGTON BRUCE

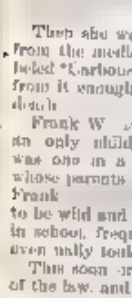
E been given her
enough she regarded the
lined as emphasized
ster to her whim
her astonishment
there, as crying tale
ing that she could not
granted her desire to
pany her parents on a sho
expedition. They had an
excellent reason for leav ng
her at home, and for not tell
ing her why they did so. It
was Christmas time. But Ellen flew
a rage at their refusal. She wept
also unpitied. When finally the door
closed behind them she wept more b
terly than before, and poor, foolish
child! said to herself

I'll make them sorry for this! They'll

Then she went to the bath-ro
from the medicine cupboard a b
belled "Carbolic Acid—Poison" and drank
from it enough to doom her to a painful
death.

Frank W twelve years old was
an only child. On the contrary, he
was one in a large family of children,
whose parents we
Frank
to be wild and unruly. He made trouble
in school, frequently played truant and
even bully took to this

This soon brought him
of the law, and earned for



to an industrial s
Bitterly he declared he
would never go there.

"I would rather be
dead," he cried, "than
be sent to the Indus-
trial."

Thinking nothing of the
matter

made a rope from t
shooting, and hanged
himself to a stovepipe
Joseph B. was so
attendan in a depart

to his duties

he only peculiarity I noticed in him
on my occasional visits to the library was
that I never saw on his face the faintest
semblance of a smile. But, despite his
habitual grimness of appearance, there
was nothing really queer in his behavior.

The morning reward he chose of the
college year he ate his breakfast as usual,
said good-by to his mother, and started,
as she thought, for his factory. Two hours
later happening to go into the cellar of
their house, she was horrified to find him
hanging lifeless from a gas-pipe.

To this day the mystery of his suicide
dived. So far as is known t
was absolutely without a motive.

This whole problem of "child su
nishes a puzzling one t
ologist and educators. And
we include in it as most investigators do
all suicides occurring before the age of
twenty it is a far more se
reaching problem tha

yesterday that an offic
Massachusetts, to whom
spoke on the subject said
mournfully

"Child suicide! There is no
such thing!"

That very moment,
some sixty men were
dragging a pond for the body
twelve-year-old self-slayer.
In this case the little victim
had been hurried to his untimely

by the unconscious cruelty of
other children. Disfigured by
a birthmark that had caused
of his ope to swell he had
been laughed and jeered a
from the day he first went to
school. The climax to his suf
when a teacher reprimanded him
for some fault. Promptly he disappeared
and he first inkling of his fate was be
when his cap was found floating on th
edge of the near-by pond from which his
body was afterward recovered.

Largest

NOT only is child suicide of more fre-
quent than is generally sup-
in all
civilized countries. Of particular interest is
the present fact is he fact that statistics
indicate that it has increased most rapidly
France, Russia, and Germany and

Prussia, the land of the Hohenzollern.
In France children under fifteen years
of age or comm the suicide at the rate
of 150 a year. In Prussia, we are told by
authority "suicide has become so
common among school children that th
State Department of Education has been
forced to take cognizance of the evil by
requiring careful investigation by the loca
authorities of every school suicide, and a
sified report of the case to the Nat
Department of Instruction."

In Prussia thirty years ago the average
96. The total for 1911 the latest year
for which I have statistics was 57. And
in that same year nearly 700 young Prus-
sians between fifteen and twenty years old
killed themselves.

Fewer Child Suicides in Thi

IN our own country according to avail-
able figures, the situation is much better.
The latest mortality statistics of the Ce
sus Bureau show that in 1913 no children
under ten killed themselves in the
ed States, that there were only 32
suicides reported between the ages of ten
and fifteen years old, and that the total for the ages of fifteen to
nineteen was 375. This, however, indi-
cates a marked increase in recent y
for in the census year 1900 here were
only 226 suicides of fifteen to nineteen.

It must also be remembered that for
various reasons many juvenile suicides are
not reported as such. This of course
means considerable underestimation a
id may even justify the estimate of one
statistician (Lewis M Terman), who, de-
he official statistics as quite un-
as the probable yearly
ren suicides under fifteen
the resources of the latter c

Child suicide is sufficiently prevalent
in this country to make the question
of its preventions urgently important.

Child suicide differs from the suicide
of adults in one significant respect.
usually is the result of a

on a great majority of
cases it is clear
o any inherited
but to faulty upbringing in t
ion or of self-control.

That a certain proportion of
child suicides are t the mis
effect, in

In such cases he
ide is the outcome of an
irresistible impulsion originat-
ing in the diseased brain and
depends on no external cau
whatever. To this class prob-

ably belongs the unwed
young library attendant

This, however, is a distressin
case. The
of
len H. given in my open-
ing paragraphs, is, on the con

of young children. There is
but an instantaneous resolution followed
by immediate execution of the act

I know of one case in which a little boy
killed himself because his mother refused
to buy him a squirrel he had seen in a
store window. Another committed sui-
cide because his pet bird had died. A
third ended his life in a fit of rage at having
been without his supper
ed one a rankling sense of
injustice was an added moral factor t
ing the mother's custom to deal harshly
with the boy for any misconduct which
she usually overlooked his sisters fault

The Youngest Suici

SOMETHING of the same sort was in evi-
dence in the case of the youngest child
ide that has come to my knowledge
where the little victim was a boy only
three years old. He had been playing
the floor with a younger brother, and the
two started quarreling. At his moment
their mother came into the room, carrying
a footstool, which she filled with
She set this
younger boy in

a sudden frenzy of
did not hesitate an instant, but flung him-
self into the tub of boiling water. He was
so badly scalded that he soon died.

Rage, grief, jealousy, desire for re
venge these, then, are motives
spicuously operative in causing
de. Even more frequent is
fear of punishment, not a fe
imitation. In an analysis of the suicides
of 100 German school children, Profes-
sor Eulenberg of Berlin found that nearly
100 were due either to fear of punishment,
or to humiliation at inability to keep up
with t

"College Suicides"

I at mental
s an increasingly
frequent cause of suicide among the
young in proportion to the age increases
at "college suicides," it is safe to say
have this as their cause. Consequently in-
vestigators are almost unanimous in indicating
the school system as exacting too m
mind, dealing too severely with lag
onally, I must confess to a belief
that his throwing of the blame on the
schools is not wholly justified. In the
last analysis, surely is a question,
so much of modifying school methods in
favor of weaklings, as of equipping the
weaklings to do better work
and what is fully as important stiffening
their moral fiber so that they will not
seek the coward's haven of suicide.

This I can not insist too emphatically
ask that should be undertaken long
before they reach school age.
Bearing in mind that at an

that ten per cent of child
suicides are associated with
some irregularity
f

over-excitability account
virtually all the rest, it is ob-
vious that the first step in
prevention is the establish-
ment of emotional control.

It is a cardinal principle of
modern educational psychol

ogy that the influences
which a child is exposed d
his first years count for

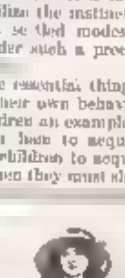
For his reason the modern
psychologist of the most pro
gressive school urges a parents
viding their children with
that will, on the

think clearly and energetically
and on the other hand that
develop in them the
self-reliance.

But it is not primarily a
it is a matter rather, of educating them
h a subtle appeal to that most
powerful of all their instincts the instinct
of imitation, which is grouped in their
extreme suggestibility. Because this
instinct is so strong in children, and is so

child suicide, authorities like Eulenberg
and Terman advocate safeguarding he
child from suggestive stories and pictures
of self-murder. But this negative precau-
is not enough. In fact it is much
important to utilize the instinct of
to establish socially good modes of
that will render such a precau-

To this end the one essential thing is
parents, through their own behavior,
et before their children an example of
qualities they wish them to acquire
they wish their children to acquire
al control? Then they must show



ascendant thinking of all kinds. Do
any wish their
children to be i
tellectually ale
alert and inquisitive? Then
must give them
the example of ef-
fective diligence
Always they
keep in mind that
he words of
a wise old peda
gogue of a hundred
"Though

gues, is example than precepts."

In a statement that ought to be taken
heart by every parent Dr Paul Dubo
he famous psychologist and philosoph

"Example is the means of education
excellence. You madam, who com-
plain of the irritability of your little girl,
could you not suppress your own, which
I have seen break out in a few words, ex
changed with your dear husband
directly afterward? You, sir, who bitterly
reproach your son for his im
patient
nsibility of temper, hav
hese faults yourself?
resembles you in the face that I would be
mistaken if you had not transmitted
weaknesses to him. Whose, indeed,
would he get them if not from you, from
his ancestors, and from the education
which he has received? Remember the
proverb. The fruit does not fall far from

only with the extreme suggestibility
childhood to with its extreme
ss. They must govern their children
through love not through fear.
Fear is by far the
of nervous instability
nd it is only by nervously
unstable who be
But the love shown

partial. When there are several
children in a family them

When on the opposite, i
is a question of dealing with
only child good sense
bids modern e the natu-
ral tendency to indulgence

The charm every actress knows

HOW EASILY YOU CAN HAVE IT

When you dress, bathe your neck, arms and hands, as well as your face, with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Being entirely without grease or oil, it is readily ... reappears on the ... *Then apply* ...

Frances Starr writes ...

Constance Collier writes ...

Elsie Janis says ...

Jane Cowl says ... it highly ...

... Write for free trial tube. See how your skin responds ...

POND'S EXTRACT should be in every household for use in emergency for everyday injuries such as cuts, bruises, burns, etc. Get a bottle today

Choose *Seedless*

Sunkist

Oranges

Seedless oranges *slice* better, wafer-thin and unmarred. And these seedless navel oranges are the *tenderest* also.

Women everywhere prefer Sunkist because their firm, tender fruit makes the best *flavored* and *best looking* dishes too.

Millions of housewives are now finding out these facts. You will find them out once you try Sunkist.

So order tender Sunkist *seedless* navel oranges for all culinary uses in your home.

See how good these dishes are when made with seedless *Sunkist* from the sunny California groves.

The new book of luscious orange dishes described in our free recipe book. They will lend variety to your meals, and are very quickly and easily prepared. No woman ever wants to do without this book once she knows how *healthful* oranges are, and knows the charming ways to use this fruit.

Send now for the book. A postcard gets it.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
CO-OPERATIVE NON-PROFIT
Eastern Headquarters: Dept. 934, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago

Sunkist oranges and lemons are sold by all first class dealers everywhere. Save Sunkist tissue wrappers for beautiful silverware.

Mother, May I Hunt Moths To-night?

Moths are caught with a bait of sugar and stale beer

M[r.] and M[rs.] ... have ... $100 ... $40 ... collecting moths ... They began collecting with four ... Their method of stalking their prey is ... they drive out ... and smear a number of ... with a mixture of sugar and stale ... covering the ... with white cloth ...

... The ... Thanksgiving ... ready for hatching.

There Is a Price on His Head

J... has killed a man ... with him. The ... was ... a persistent, nagging aggressor, and one day he overstepped the bounds.

... that he waited ... Shooting in hot blood is forgivable in Jim's part of the ... where most of the laws are unwritten laws and far more hard and fast than any laws written in books. But ... look like cold ... murder, and it was not in the ... So ... handed ... the written laws, and the written laws gave Jim ten years in a Florida chain gang.

... two of the ten years, and ... Somehow or other ...

... told by the journalist ... them, won their consent ... this picture:

... What do you do with the ...

"Sell ... to the Indians or the settlements. It goes far enough ... you how ... says I have a right to ... way I want."

He led me to a small circular clearing in the thick undergrowth of ... Our flaring light showed the ... men lounging about the fire. ... in the group had a price on his head.

Over the fire hung a big ... The cover was cunningly fashioned from a log of cypress, and fitted so tightly as to make a ... From the top of this ... end. The box was kept filled with water thus condensing the ... Under the ... tobacco tin into which trickled the home-...

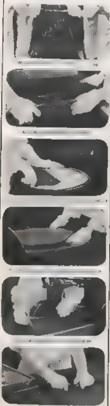
"Where'll you put your camera?" asked Baker. At his word two men seized their ...

"Sit down," commanded Baker. "I ... won't bite, and they can't jug a picture."

... The next ...

Jim Baker ... and ... his picture ... somewhere in the Everglades ... he said, with his grim smile, "a camera won't bite, and they can't jug a picture."

Sterling Gum
Point 6
"Untouched by Hands"



The STERLING GUM CO. Inc., New York
The STERLING GUM CO. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

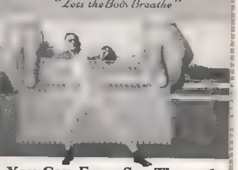
The Man in the Stone House

[illegible]

the street in the morning and get some of

[illegible]

CHALMERS "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR
"Lets the Body Breathe"



You Can Even See Through This Light, Cool Fabric

Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear is the product of a "Big Idea. Just the right amount of fine, elastic fabric is used to surround the correct number of cooling, ventilating "holes." The fabric protects your body from your outer clothing and absorbs such perspiration as may not evaporate through the "holes." Meanwhile these very openings "let your body breathe" the needed air all the time.

[illegible]

CHALMERS "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR — TRADE MARK

This Label on Every Garment

The Closed Crotch of Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits [illegible]

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men 50c Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	For Boys 25c	Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear for Fall and Winter
$1.00 Union Suits Any Style	50c	

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY Amsterdam, N. Y.

For "Boys" from Six to Sixty

I have Finished my Home with

Kyanize

Floor Finish

[illegible]

I've refinished the Furniture, the Stairs, the Floors—all the woodwork with it.

I smiled as I said:

"You see a floor has to stand the pounding of feet—the weight of furniture—the scrubbing and scouring—the wear and tear of almost everything that comes in the house—and Kyanize is about the most tough finish I know."

Get a 25 Cent Can FREE

[illegible]

Boston Varnish Company

[illegible]

Ring Books

Built for YOU

LOOSE I-P LEAF

RING BOOKS

[illegible]

Irving-Pitt Manufacturing Company

[illegible] Eighth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

BICYCLES $15.98

New Service Model

[illegible]

A BIG JOB

for the RIGHT Boy

Are YOU the One?

I WANT a clean, hustling chap—one with ambition and energy—to act as our Local Salesman in your town. If you want a business of your own—one that by diligent effort, will grow bigger each week—one that will not interfere with school or other duties—here is your chance.

You can make this job just as big as you choose—it's up to you. I will give you a start and help you all I can.

If you mean business, write me today. Just say: "*Tell me about the Every Week Plan.*"

SALES MANAGER

Every Week Corporation

95 Madison Avenue New York

KIDDIE-KOOP

[illegible]

[illegible]

INCREASE YOUR INCOME $25.00 A WEEK

[illegible]

PEASE MFG. Co. Inc.

Dept. [illegible] 70 Broadway Buffalo N.Y.

Patents

[illegible]

PATENTS Manufacturers BUY Patents that FULLY Protect

[illegible]

[illegible]

Every Week and The Associated Magazine

[illegible] was a matter of burning End [illegible] willing to put it on the [illegible] Ezra announced, though fully [illegible] responsibility. He had his chance." [illegible] this wasn't to be good for [illegible] how pretty hard [illegible] back and forth townsfolks [illegible] sorry for him, Aunt Lydia."

[illegible] was a knock on the door, and [illegible] if he had arrived at some [illegible] But he began in his

"Lydia," he added, "I guess all this is [illegible]

Lydia did not look at him. She [illegible]

"Just what you think you ought to do,

"Maybe I was wrong—about some [illegible]

[illegible] was just as well as just [illegible] When they came downstairs, F[illegible] [illegible] him some pleasure to know that they were want[illegible] to know—and he [illegible]

W[illegible] ...ted his face and hair [illegible] ...e back for the house w[illegible] usual gleam of hopefulness [illegible] ...tion and he returned [illegible] ...e again nothing, however. Supper went on the table [illegible]

The [illegible] ...wnup looked [illegible]

"But you didn't have to tell the truth [illegible]

[illegible] wanted now was a chance [illegible]

Good [illegible] ...and a house."

"I think [illegible] just another piece of his [illegible]

"Do [illegible] ...ob thinks Eadbrooke was right?" [illegible] have had him say if he [illegible]

[illegible] ...tered in the United States, the dependencies

King Baby

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

Author of "Side-Stepping Ill Health," etc.

THERE is nothing in the world so beautiful and interesting as a baby—unless it is the baby's mother. Yet there is nothing that humanity is responsible for that has been so subjected to the shocks of incompetence.

For there is hardly a science, except hydraulics or mechanical engineering, that a girl or a young mother knows less about than she does about baby care. Until very recently she took grandmother's word for it. Now, however, thanks to the indefatigable visiting nurse, the constant and painstaking educational efforts of our magazines and public prints, and the general advance in intelligence, the death rate among infants has been reduced by more than half.

Young mothers are taught that, while cow's milk is admirable food for calves, mother's milk is the ideal food for babies; that, for every breast-fed baby that dies in the first twelve months of its existence, ten children, similarly situated and artificially fed, fail to survive.

Mothers are also learning that if this is not possible or desirable, the milk supplied must be modified so as to approximate as closely as may be the natural brand; and, above all, that scrupulous cleanliness in the matter of its preparation, preservation, and method of administration is imperative. They are discontinuing the use of the abominable long nursing-tube, and also of the small-necked nursing-bottle, so difficult to keep clean, and are using, instead, straight-sided hygienic jars with large nipples.

Don't Coddle Him

YOUNG mothers are also gradually learning that a certain amount of crying is a splendid lung-developer, and that rocking and dandling, jumping and coddling provoke hysteria and nervousness.

This does not mean that the child should not receive a judicious amount of "mothering." Nothing in the wide world—not even the most highly specialized scientific care—can take the place of love nonsense. No institution can supply the affection which is breath of its breath and blood of its blood to a baby. If it could and did, the death rate in institutions would not be so frightfully high as it is.

There are some things, however, not yet generally understood. One is that constipation, and the looking up in the child's bowels of toxic products of decay, is the most common cause of baby ills. It predisposes to infections that children might otherwise escape. It lowers the tone of the entire nervous and physical system, and is a menace infinitely more to be dreaded than smallpox or accident.

Yet, very frequently, the methods used for overcoming costiveness are quite as bad as the condition itself; for they tend to produce an actual paralysis of the intestinal muscles. This is particularly true of suppositories and enemas, which should be used only by the doctor's advice.

A teaspoonful of milk of magnesia instead, added to the last feeding at night or given in a little water, will usually produce the results required without weakening the delicate nerves and muscles.

Butter is also admirable, not only in assisting to overcome constipation, but also because it is one of the most readily assimilated of all fats, and can be completely utilized by the child. Try a small lump of butter two or three times a day for the baby that is undernourished or sluggish in its bowel action.

Give Him Plenty of Water

NEVER give a baby water in homeopathic doses. Give it to him in good allopathic amounts—early and often. For 67 per cent. of him is water, and what he loses through the pores, kidneys, bowels, and lungs must be made up to him. Add a little for good measure.

Remember also to "pat"—never rub—a baby dry. His skin is thin and delicate, and won't stand strong-arm work.

It is good practice also, and may save a lot of trouble, to cleanse the eyes daily with a little boracic solution—a teaspoonful to a pint of tepid water. This should be squeezed into each eye from a bit of absorbent cotton, so that the water will run freely to the outer corner of the eye.

The care of a baby is really a simple enough matter—if it be mixed with a reasonable amount of brains. Plenty of sunshine and fresh air, an adequate amount of rest—say about nine tenths of its time—and only a moderate amount of nourishing food, and a fair amount of clothes, and baby can be trusted to do the rest.

This "rest" consists in eating, sleeping, and growing—growing into robust, healthy childhood, a joy to itself, and an ineffable source of pleasure and profit to everybody who is privileged to associate with it.

STATEMENT of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of *Every Week*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. F. Bresnahan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the *Every Week*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Every Week Corporation, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; Editor, Bruce Barton, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; Managing Editor, E. L. Lewis, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; Business Manager, J. F. Bresnahan, 95 Madison Avenue, New York. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) American Lithographic Company, 52 E. 19th Street, New York; Bruce Barton, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; Thomas H. Beck, Littleton Road, Morris Plains, N. J.; J. F. Bresnahan, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; L. Ettlinger, 52 E. 19th Street, New York; J. H. Hawley, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; F. Hoffman, 25 Wall Street, New York; J. P. Knapp, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; A. D. Mayo, 95 Madison Avenue, New York; W. P. Ten Eyck, 136 First Avenue, East, Roselle, N. J.; S. Untermyer, 37 Wall Street, New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security-holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security-holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security-holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security-holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security-holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only). (Signed) J. F. Bresnahan, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1916. (Signed) J. S. Campbell, Notary Public, Queens County. Certificate filed in New York County. (Seal) My commission expires March 30, 1917.

AGENTS! $1200.00 IN COLD CASH

MADE, PAID, BANKED IN 30 DAYS. BY STONEMAN—$15,000 TO DATE.

LISTEN This opportunity is open to you—this money—the cold cash—can be yours. We want 5,000 good men immediately. The opportunity is open for acceptance today. You, and you alone, by waiting too long, can lose it. No experience necessary. Business supplies capital. Get complete facts at once. Ask to be shown. Get in line. Make 1916 the biggest you have ever lived as dreamed of. You don't have to wait a month—not even a week—payments can start the first days and you can work into a position which enabled one of our hustling money-makers to make

$13,245.00 IN 110 DAYS

We have been quietly securing men from all walks of life—ministers, clerks, farmers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, etc.—training them with our co-operation and $1,000 APPROPRIATION, to get what we have called and can do for you—some of these men you may know—possibly have envied their prosperity without understanding the reason of their success. 1916 will break all records—agents actually getting rich. Think of these figures: Lampley (Inverness), $113 FIRST DAY (Spare time); $1,400 in 28 days; Bell (Missouri), $203 A WEEK; $1,000 FOR 12 WEEKS; Kimball (Kansas), $4,412 in a few weeks; Judd (Ohio), $6,000; Hart (Kansas), $3,000; Wilson (Ohio), $3,000 IN 30 DAYS. Let us refer you to these men—to the U. S. GOVERNMENT, to banks, business houses, noted people at home and abroad—let us tell you about our startling plan of universal instruction through special representatives which absolutely insures

$1000.00 PER MAN, PER COUNTY

Yes, by acting NOW—TODAY—can get this proposition in your section. This is not a carry sale, take or nothing, no LISTEN—IT IS GOING ON DAILY. If you can use $10 000 in cash—SAY SO. Don't hesitate—don't delay a minute, but get the thing started—clothe, feed—get on your feet, financially—commanding some of REAL INDEPENDENCE—POWER, INFLUENCE LUXURIES. Join hands with us and enjoy abundant prosperity. No get wealthy here—one today. It costs nothing but a cent to find out all about it and to receive absolute proof.

INVESTIGATE AND BE AMAZED

Find out how Orcutt Hawn (minister) ordered over 300 outfits in 11 days. Cook (minister), $4,000 to date; Rogers (surveyor), $2,800. He writes: "selling outfits has got me out of poverty, expect to get another. Lewis (ex-U. S. Collector, Ohio (minister), received FIRST TWELVE HOURS AFTER APPOINTMENT. Hundreds share a similar experience—looking money—buying homes, automobiles. Beard (doctor), $2,200. SAME APPOINTMENT SHOULD MEAN SAME MONEY TO YOU. Rise to big earnings, wage freedom, independence and private monopoly. KNOWING THE REASON DISPELS ALL DOUBT.

Strange Invention

Gives every home a bathroom for only $6.50, exactly offsets costing $150 to $300. Attaches tubs, bowls, lockers, washstands, sprinkles 3 rooms any room into a bathroom. WITH HOT OR COLD RUNNING WATER. Cleans almost automatically. No plumbing—no water works—self-heating. Gives cleansing, fascinating massage and douche baths. So simple a child can operate. Fully guaranteed. A modern household invention, without drudgery, inconvenience, cost or longing water, filling or emptying cleaning, bathing and heating. Thousands of the subscribers who used testimonial at once, people excited. Tears, tears, that is what I need today. Send to-day. Don't delay. Don't be DISCOURAGED. Don't be DISAPPOINTED. Don't be GUVERNED. Think of what you can do with this in your territory. No investment—learning—trial—profit—

Risk One Cent to Make Thousands

And say with Lodewick, Maine (solicitor): "Lucky I answered your ad. It's great—money coming fast—17 orders to date—sells on sight." Why should not Eatonson say: "The man who could not sell your goods could not sell bread in a famine." Get a postal card—write your name and address on it in the nearest—drop it in the mail box, addressed to us today. Heed this caution from Close, Stony, Michigan, who writes: "Sorry this fold is closed—SHOULD HAVE ACTED SOONER, but was skeptical. Your head men's GREAT SUCCESS has set everybody talking and proves I WAS A CHUMP. WONDERFUL WHAT A MAN CAN DO WITH A REAL OPPORTUNITY."

SEND NO MONEY Business supplies capital. Credit given to active dependable solicitors. Investigate first. Asking us to place doesn't obligate you one bit. Just send one cent today—ACT NOW—DO FIRST. Don't let somebody else get the territory you want. We want 5,000 good men to act as our special representatives immediately—send your application by the FIRST MAIL. Just a postal card will do. Send it now.

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BOTH SILK AND COTTON GUARANTEED

Against Holes—Against Tears—Against Drop Stitches
—For a Definite Time

The *real* Holeproof Hosiery really always outwears the guarantee. *That saves you the trouble of having replacements made.* So ask your store for the genuine Holeproofs, and don't be induced to accept any other guaranteed hose.

Holeproofs are made of long fibre cotton yarns, and also of pure thread Japanese silk; they are fine, shapely and distinctive. They are doubly-reinforced where wear is greatest.

Three pairs of pure silk Holeproofs must wear without holes for 3 full months; 6 pairs of cotton for 6 months. You get new hose FREE if any pair fails within the specified time.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Women's and Children's, 35c and Up. Men's, 25c Per Pair and Up.

Millions now wear Holeproof Hosiery and avoid that inhouse weekly darning. Try one box, and learn what a pleasure it is to have stylish, perfect hosiery always. We ship direct (postpaid) if your dealer can't supply you. Write for free book that tells all about Holeproofs and the name of the Holeproof dealer in your town.

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Can be used by anybody. It dries in thirty minutes, and is waterproof and durable. There are thirteen colors: Jet Black, Dull Black, Cerise, Red, Yellow, Navy Blue, Cadet Blue, Sage Green, Cerise, Henna Straw, Brown, Violet, Lavender and Natural. Colorite also gives splendid results on satin, silk and canvas shoes and other small articles about the house. Can be used on wood or metal. Sold in drug and department stores in U. S. and Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you

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Write today, stating color desired; also give name of nearest drug or department store.

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Free Bottle to Baby

Every baby born during March, April and May, 1916, may have with our compliments a

Hygeia

Nursing Bottle

It is the nearest possible to mother's nursing. The Hygeia is the sanitary bottle, too. Ask your druggist for a Hygeia by name. For your first one, *free*, send us

Baby's Name

Date of Birth

Physician's Name

Your Name and Street Address

Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
1256 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

John D. Can't Get Credit in This Town

ONE afternoon a year ago, H. C. Lomax, bank president, locked up $100,000 worth of cash and bonds in the vault, closed the bank, and strolled down the street. Remembering that his wife had telephoned him to get a box of matches, he dropped into a grocery store.

"Just charge it," he nodded to the clerk. The clerk hesitated, and did not hand over the matches. "I know you fellows are on a cash system"—and the banker fumbled hastily in his pocket for change. "But, the fact is, I haven't a cent with me. I'll stop in the morning and pay."

"Sorry," smiled the clerk, "but I can't do it."

"Perhaps I might make up the loan of a nickel," grinned a suspicion loose, digging down into his overalls.

And then the richest man in town, who could borrow twenty thousand dollars on his mere signature, fully realized that his home town was actually on a cash basis.

Laclede had been a credit town since even before the war. Sons had inherited their fathers' credits—and debits.

While it was bad form locally to present a bill, this system of etiquette did not prevail with distant wholesale houses. So the merchants had to borrow money to meet out-of-town debts. Had it not been for a few cash customers, they could hardly have managed at all.

Finally the storekeepers began having heart-to-heart talks, in which it was discovered that no one was carrying less than $3000 worth of credits—this in a town of fewer than 1000 inhabitants.

"Oh, yes, the accounts are good," groaned the hardware dealer; "but we don't know whether they will be paid in this generation or the next."

"I ain't no futurist," announced the senior grocer. "What I want is some 1914 currency. Let's try cash."

Shortly afterward there appeared in the local paper a polite but firm announcement that the undersigned had adopted the cash system. Following were the names of every man and woman in town who did any sort of business, from the dry-goods merchant to the home dressmaker, and including the local editor.

At first there was a flurry of protests. But the signers stood pat and the public began to adapt itself.

The Reading Circle dropped Browning and took up "family budgets," and "home economics." Sudden calls were made upon "rainy-day" bank accounts. Of course, some farmers threatened to change their trading point, but only one actually carried out his threat. It didn't pay. A flat 10 per cent. cut was made on all merchandise.

A year has passed. There are no "slow-pay" reputations left. Everybody has a 100 per cent. rating; and the high cost of living has come down 10 per cent. The customers are happy, and so are the storekeepers. The latter had figured that, with a loss of one fourth of their trade, they would still be better off than in the best credit years. But they have not lost one fourth of their trade. For, while the public buys more cautiously, new customers from outside Laclede territory, attracted by the low prices, have made up the shortage. Fewer clerks are needed under the cash system. The merchants are running their business on their own capital—and sleeping nights.

Photograph from Cosmo-Ill. Service

This is H. C. Lomax, the richest man in Laclede, Missouri, and he can't "charge" so much as a box of matches in his home town. Why? Because Laclede last year decided to put an end forever to the "credit system."

"O. K."—K. M. Giles

MISS GILES corresponds regularly with more than 2000 Southern gentlemen, from her snug office on Broad Street, within hearing of the sounds that beat up from New York's curb. But her letters will never be published in pink vellum as "The Throbs of a Woman's Heart." The Southern gentlemen who receive them do not have to hide them from their wives in the linings of their carpet slippers, or bury them from their children in the mint patch. No; her letters are all on one theme: cotton. And the men she writes to are all cotton planters.

For Miss K. M. Giles knows all about the cotton market. She began work in Washington in the Agricultural Department, ruling sheets that wise crop experts filled and pondered over. Then she came to New York with a cotton expert. "And sixteen years ago," she says, "I struck out for myself."

She is now a confidential clearing-house for ideas about cotton, with an army of responsible correspondents enlisted from the cotton-growing South. Some of these farmers have written her every two weeks for twelve years. From these individual reports she takes out the specific information and tabulates it; then, taking into consideration the weather reports and everything else that bears on cotton production, she works out her confidential deductions. These she sells to a regular clientèle of men who want to know all there is to know about cotton.

Photograph from Donald Wilhelm

Cotton reports signed "K. M. Giles" are authoritative, and all over the world brokers, manufacturers, shippers, merchants, and even a nation or two dedicated to gun-cotton and trench clothes, pay well for them.

One reason that Miss Giles' reports are considered so reliable is that she herself never speculates. She is notoriously indifferent to the market, and does not know or care whether cotton is going up or down.

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Mr. Richard's Fiancée

Continued from page 5

"Oh, Mrs. Barton's feeling better now. I put a mustard plaster on her back, and that helped to soothe her feelings. She'll be down for luncheon. I did my best to persuade her that Miss Gilmore is an eminently proper person to add to the family circle. I suppose you've heard from your fiancée by this time?"

"I've just had a wire from her," he replied. "She's in trouble. Oh, it's rotten, ghastly! You didn't see the morning paper? I hope nobody on the place saw it. I've torn it up." He indicated a pocket from which fragments of a newspaper protruded. He jammed them out of sight, and advanced upon Gail, whispering:

"A woman in her boarding-house lost her pocket-book, and Toinette's suspected— My God, it's awful—horrible!"

"Not—not arrested!" Gail gasped.

"Heavens, no! To make it all the worse, she skipped. My telegram came from Lowell—just 'Don't worry': not a word about where she's going!"

He crossed and recrossed the room with long strides, then paused before Gail.

"If mother hears that—"

"It would be rather nice of you," said Gail, "to think a little more about Miss Gilmore—of ways of helping her—a girl you've thought enough of to ask to marry you! I should think you'd go right up to Boston and see what you could do."

"Why should I go up to Boston, when she sends me a silly telegram from Lowell? For all I know, she may turn up here any minute! You haven't got any answer to that, have you? You don't know what to do about it now, do you?" he ended.

"It isn't my business to know; but I'll suggest that before your aunt and uncle you'd better pretend to be extremely cheerful. It's all right for you to bluster at me privately, but as my affianced husband something quite different will be expected. It's nothing to me, you understand, but before the others it would be better not to act as if you hated me."

"My God! I hate myself—I hate everybody!" he moaned.

"Don't do it, Mr. Maybury; it's bad for the nerves!"

"I think I'm losing my mind! I can't go through with it—I simply can't!"

"You ought to be able to stand it, if I can. If you'll be decent through luncheon, I'll see what can be done toward finding Miss Gilmore."

The appearance of the Bishop and Mrs. Barton ended what seemed likely to prove an unprofitable dialogue, and they went in to luncheon.

GAIL sat between Mrs. Barton and the Bishop, with Richard opposite. Mrs. Barton launched at once upon the miraculous diminution of her pains by the mustard plaster. When she ceased her praise of mustard as an invincible panacea, to demand of Grimes what brand of tea had been placed before her, the Bishop took heart to lift the conversation to a higher plane. The presence of a member of the theatrical profession quite naturally suggested the drama as a topic. Nothing, he declared, in the whole range of dramatic literature, had ever equaled the works of the Greek masters. He still found time to read his Euripides once a year. It was a pity that Greek tragedy was so little known in these times; Richard, he hoped, would not entirely drop the classics.

Richard mumbled that he knew no Greek—a confession that the Bishop deplored. Richard, himself the protagonist of a tragedy as poignant as any known to the Greek theater, frowned upon a bit of ham hash which the substitute cook, all things considered, had prepared very passably.

"And you, Miss Gilmore," said the Bishop kindly, "I suppose Greek hasn't entered into your—er—study of the drama? I realize that on the stage of today it is—er—quite impossible."

"I appeared once as Electra," Gail replied, ignoring a warning jerk of the unhappy Richard's head, and smiling upon the Bishop, whose disposition to be kind had won her gratitude.

"Where was that?" he asked, beaming.

"In Nebraska—at the University."

"Really! How delightful! Then you are familiar with those great literary monuments. Richard, this is the happiest of surprises."

"Miss Gilmore," Mrs. Barton intervened accusingly, "I thought you told me you were from Vermont. How did you come to go to school in Nebraska?"

"My father moved there when I was a child," Gail answered easily. "You will have to admit, Bishop Barton, that the Greek drama has been coming into its own. Every year the plays are given somewhere. Even—even at Harvard," she added, with an ironic glance at the dejected Richard, "even at Harvard they haven't wholly scorned those old fellows."

"Neatly done; a bull's-eye!" the Bishop chortled, who, it appeared, was a Yale man.

Mrs. Barton was neglecting her food to bring her keen eyes to bear upon this chorus girl who had appeared as Electra. Conscious of this, Gail amused herself by entering into a discussion of the respective merits of Euripides and Sophocles. The Bishop quoted lines in the sonorous original; Gail translated them—haltingly, to encourage his prompting. He was enjoying himself tremendously; but a puzzled frown settled upon his spouse's face.

THE moment luncheon was concluded, Gail said she must go up to see Mrs. Maybury. The Bishop went off to write letters, first shaking hands with Gail and declaring that they must have many more talks on a subject dear to both their hearts. Richard, seeing that Mrs. Barton lingered behind with the obvious purpose of detaining Gail, immediately became invisible.

"Just a moment, Miss Gilmore!"

Mrs. Barton planted her hands upon Gail's shoulders.

"Young woman, don't try to deceive me—you're not a stage girl any more than I am. Just what is this joke you're playing here?"

"I'm very, very sorry," Gail began uneasily. "If I'd had time to think it over I should never have done it. I'm sorry—very sorry. You see—"

She gave a succinct account of her arrival at the house, and of her agreement to play the part of the expected fiancée in exchange for a subscription to her book.

"I thought at first it would be a lark, but after I saw Mrs. Maybury it wasn't funny any more. No one would want to play tricks on her—she's so kind and gentle. I'm ashamed to see her again."

"That Richard!" Mrs. Barton exclaimed. "So he's afraid of me, is he? Well, he has reason to be! And to think of imposing on you, to say nothing of the rest of us! But"—a merry twinkle danced in her eyes—"just how does he propose explaining this to his mother? I saw her a moment—just before I came down—and she was immensely relieved; she said you were adorable! If that other girl turns up, it will kill my sister!"

Mrs. Barton bent toward Gail threateningly.

"Young woman, you can't go! You can't leave us in this mess!"

"I was to leave right after luncheon; that was the bargain," said Gail firmly. "But of course I'll look in on Mrs. Maybury again; I promised to read to her. She wants to test my French!"

"So she told me. But, after you passed my husband's examination in Greek, I'll trust you to get through it. Run along now, but don't you dare leave the house till I've seen you again—no"—she smiled broadly—"till I've subscribed for that book—the India-paper edition! And now," she announced grimly, "I'm going to find Richard!"

To be concluded next week

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